

THE LIVING AGE.

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LINES FOR A PICTURE OF DAWN
BY COROT.

Here seems the Master to have wrought

The very tissue of his thought;
As if his watchful mind had drawn
Its color from the virgin dawn,
And gazing on these early skies
Had caught their quiet harmonies.

With what controlling eyes he sees
The countless movements of the trees,
Branches and leaves to his far gaze
Lost in one liquid, trembling haze,
And branches to his inner sight
Become but dancing points of light.
And how he casts upon the whole
The enduring wonder of his soul,
Proving with what expectant eyes
He looked on plain realities;
Until the small familiar wood
Has caught the magic of his mood
And the oft-travelled meadow wears
A heightened look, like one that hears
A distant unexpected strain
Of music, quickly hushed again,
As if some wild divinity,
Visible only to his eye,
One moment past had stolen by,
And her quick breath, remaining
there,
Were misting still the morning air,
And by her beauty had been cast
A shadow that still seems to last,
Although her silent feet have passed.

A. C.-B.

The Speaker.

THE CITY OF IMMORTALITY.

Long, long ago, in the world's twilit
prime,

There stood a white-walled city on a
hill;

All dwelling there escaped Time's
direst ill,

For Death came never to that golden
clime.

And eager thousands trod its hillside
thyme

And scaled the height keen-eyed with
ardent will

To baffle thus the Great Marauder's
skill

And live for ever on that peak sublime.

Ah! many entered there, yet none did
reap

Self-promised joys of immortality;
For soon or late all yearned to fall
asleep,

And one by one, with many a weary
sigh,

Stole past the city portals down the
steep

To old sweet haunts where they were
free to die.

John Anderson Stewart.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

ON THE FELS.

The ragged heather-ridge is black
Against the sunset's frosty rose.

With rustling breath down syke and
slack

The icy, eager North wind blows.

It shivers through my hair, and flicks
The blood into my tingling cheek;
And with adventurous urging pricks
My spirit that, in drowsy reek

Of glowing peats, had dreamed too
long,

Crouched in the cosy inglenook,
Till life seemed vainer than the song
Sung by the kettle on the crook.

Till life seemed vainer than the puff
Of steam that perished in hot air—
A fretful fume—a vapor-stuff
Of fitful passion, cloudy care.

But as, once more, I watch the stars
Rekindling in the glistering West
Beyond the fell-top's naked scars,
Life rouses in me with new zest.

The immortal wakens in my blood
Beneath the North wind's bitter
thresh;

And universal life at flood
Breaks through the bonds of bone
and flesh.

I stand upon the peak of night,
The breath eternal on my face;
Till, borne on wings of singing light,
I lose myself in starry space.

Wulfrid Wilson Gibson.

The Outlook.

DO OUR GIRLS TAKE AN INTEREST IN LITERATURE?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

I am convinced of the fact that there is at this moment no reasonable person living who will dispute the statement that for a fight to be fair there should be two evenly matched opposing forces. That is to say, apparently evenly matched, since, the fight being over, one side is bound to prove itself the superior, unless, as in rare instances, neither side gains upon the other and a tie is proclaimed.

As a general rule, the British public is very ready to fight and loves above all things to show what it is pleased to call the "party spirit" in any particular matter on which its interest is aroused. We have but to watch a football match, a university boat-race, a polo match, or such a momentous affair as a "general election," to see at a glance how it loves to take its respective "sides" and to champion them at all costs.

Our newspapers realize to the full this national trait, and to please their reading public they vie with one another in starting a continuous series of discussions, varying from a question of such depth as "Do we Believe?" to something as purely ephemeral as "Are our Daughters better or worse Housewives than our Grandmothers were?" Their readers are delighted and each one who is capable of penning a readable letter rises to the bait, and gives forth through the medium of his favorite organ, be it the *Times* or the *Daily Mail*, his views upon the matter in question, wherewith he hopes greatly to impress all who dare to entertain contrary ideas. Of course he falls miserably; no person was ever yet influenced by reading a letter from his opponent in any matter, but this does not hinder the discussion, and it con-

tinues and flourishes, until, from sheer want of new ideas, it dies a natural death, probably having first passed through a chequered life of at least two months, having done no one any good, no one any harm, beyond arousing many vain fits of impotent rage, and having at least served the purpose of affording several hours of real amusement to those persons sufficiently logical to refrain from taking part in it.

It sometimes happens that a discussion of this kind is manifestly unfair and one-sided. What, for instance, is to occur when an indignant parent begins such an argument as "Do Games take up too much of the time of our Public School Boys?"

In this case, the people interested are usually the various parents of the kingdom, and the boys themselves, the latter backed up by a few tutors and schoolmasters, who often find themselves too busy and too superior to take up an argumentative pen.

The average British parent is nothing if not wordy—I will not say eloquent—and on a subject of this kind he will write both lengthily and vehemently. With the son the matter is different. He is usually incapable of continuous, logical thought, and even if he can say what he means, he cannot often write it in English sufficiently like Webster or Nuttall to make the editor of the paper in which the discussion is running take notice of his loud appeal to justice. Occasionally, of course, an eloquent sixth-former rises into the glory of print and thus voices his woes, but his case is rare indeed, and more often his cause dies an unchampioned death, and *paterfamilias* says his say uncontradicted and therefore arrogantly.

Now, if the British schoolboy is incapable of fighting on paper, his sister is even more so, so that when attacked she is in a peculiarly defenceless and annoying predicament. It is to attempt to voice some of the speechless indignation of the schoolgirl, and her continuation into the youthful damsel of to-day that I now take up my pen. For years her wrath has been simmering, fed by constant taunts and exasperating one-sided treatises, until now it has reached the limit of endurance, and, to continue the metaphor, is veritably boiling over.

This is the cause of her righteous indignation. She is told in a variety of magazines and newspapers, from some humble and comparatively unknown one, to that tower of greatness, *The Nineteenth Century*, that she "reads chiefly rubbish and does not know her Standard Authors."¹ And all this because she has no champion, and because only one side of the question, as far as I am aware, has as yet been touched upon.

I have no desire to contradict anything that has been said. I am certain that the writer in *The Nineteenth Century* is perfectly correct in all her statements, and that even more deplorable cases of ignorance than those she has cited could be disclosed by the thousand if one took the trouble to look for them. I say the same for all the other writers who have bemoaned the degenerate taste in literature of the British Maiden, but I must add this fact, they have studied but one side of the question and left the other entirely alone; and, because of this, are we to sit still and imagine pessimistically that our future trainers of the generations that are to continue our glorious Empire are nourished and fed upon *Home Chat*, *The Family Herald*, *Answers*, or the latest sensational, melodramatic, third-rate novel?—all doubt-

less suitable from their own points of view, but inadequate as diet for the mind, as would be an unvaried feast of *méringues*, or *éclairs* to the physical body. Certainly not, so let us put on our optimistic spectacles and take a survey of the girls who do not read only rubbish, and who, after all, form an astonishingly large percentage of our juvenile, feminine community.

Now, I consider that the most unsuitable argument brought forward by the other side to my own is that, "our girls do not read the Standard Authors."

"Standard Authors," what a term is this! embracing as it does Voltaire and Charlotte Yonge, Tolstoi, and Dickens, Maeterlinck and Lamb, Thackeray and Ibsen, Milton and Rossetti (I have purposely chosen pairs of opposites so as to show the illimitable differences contained in this term). How can the average girl be expected to take an interest in all? even if time enough were at her disposal, can we suppose that her individual tastes would allow her to take pleasure in the perusal of the varied works of such a multitudinous throng? Certainly we cannot, and it is to the ignoring of individual tastes in authors that so much misunderstanding on this matter of efficiency in literature is due. We are all, schoolmistresses in particular, so fond of drawing up schemes of literary courses to be gone through, and favorite authors to be studied by our girls, that we overlook the fact of their likes and dislikes almost entirely.

I remember only recently listening to the complaints of an estimable, but illogical lady—a B.A. by the way—who keeps a large private school. "Their ignorance is appalling," she declared sadly, "and they" (speaking of her particular school-girls) "do not seem even to want to learn. Would you believe it, I read them Lamb's essay on 'Roast Pig' last Saturday, at the same time

¹ The Living Age, April 28.

noting the beauty of his style as an essayist. When I had finished I asked Gladys how she liked it—you know she generally is very outspoken. Her answer astonished me."

"I think it is disgusting," she said quite rudely, "and I can't understand why Lamb wrote such rubbish."

I smiled. This little contretemps gave me such insight into my friend's methods. She had entirely forgotten the fact that Gladys was a vegetarian, as were all her relatives, and that the essay in question could but annoy the child. Furthermore, had she taken the trouble, as I did myself afterwards, she could have discovered that Gladys knew all "Macaulay's Lays" by heart, that her most treasured possession was a volume of Tennyson's Poems, and that her favorite novel was "The Caxtons."

"I love Milton," said a girl of sixteen to me one day. "'Paradise Lost' is better than anything I ever read before."

"Why?" I asked quickly; I wished to hear her reasons.

"Because," continued Marion blushing, "you know when I went in for the 'Senior Cambridge,' we took 'Kings' for 'Old Testament Scripture,' and I got honors in it. Well, Milton mentions all about those old kings of Israel and Judah, and he is so beautifully correct."

Now listen to the reverse of this taste.

"I can't stand Milton's longer works. How any one can read them I don't know!" said another girl to me, a delicate, pretty maiden of nineteen.

"Why?" I asked again. I was all agog and thirsting for information on this opposite side to the question.

"Why! Because he writes blank verse, and can't manage it well like Shakespeare does, he is so unpoetical. Now, listen, this is what I like."

She drew from a shelf near at hand a

volume of Keats, and opening its well-worn pages, read slowly and sweetly the first verses of the immortal "Ode to the Nightingale." "They cannot be equalled," she said as she closed the book again. "They are just perfect."

I agreed that indeed they were.

Now, in all common justice, can these girls be called illiterate? Gladys, who dislikes Lamb, and this one who hates Milton? Most certainly not. They have merely shown their own individuality of taste, and for this they should be praised, not blamed.

A young friend of mine has just had the good fortune to accompany an uncle on a voyage round the world. She has not a reputation for being clever, and yet she is an omnivorous reader, and her mind is well stored with many choice gems from her favorite authors.

She took me to see her pretty new clothes before packing them for the voyage. I admired them duly. They were very sweet, and I knew how charming she would look in them. As I lifted some dainty muslin blouses to examine them more closely, I was astonished to find some hard, solid substances folded within them.

"My books," said my friend smilingly. "I could not leave my pets behind for so long."

Then she drew them out and showed them to me.

"Dear old 'Bacon!' I love his essays. 'Emerson,' he's a bit high-flown, but I am getting to understand him. 'Keats' and 'Shelley?' I like 'Keats' best, he's younger in his style, but I love 'The Ode to the Skylark.' 'Omar Khayyam,' I know him all by heart, at least this edition. Don't you think the various translations are muddling? I do, but I adore Omar, he's so human. 'Robert Browning.' I like 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' tremendously, don't you? And all his short poems. I am afraid I don't know the long ones properly."

"Elizabeth Browning, she's very

sweet, especially her sonnets. I like sonnets."

And this, if you please, is what our pessimists would have us believe is non-existent in our decadent age! Small wonder that the fury of the British maiden is excessive when she smarts under the grossly unjust accusations that are brought against her.

Of course, I am not speaking now of children under the age of fifteen. They, I agree, are totally ignorant of the worth of "Standard Authors" beyond a few stray volumes read in the holidays and learned with diligence at school, but then they are intensely occupied with other things. It is impossible to soar to excessive poetry while you are mastering the intricacies of analysis, or the harrowing details of recurring decimals, and even "The Last Words of David," exquisite though they be, lose much of their literary value when you remember, in learning them, that every syllable uttered wrongly means a loss of one mark and consequent descent in your class. No, I fail to see how a literary sense can be cultivated until a firm foundation of knowledge has been laid whereon to build, and I tremble to think of the result of an enforced diet of "The Canterbury Tales," "The Faerie Queen," and "Marmion" upon a class as yet ignorant of the elements of English composition.

The average girl, I find, will turn with avidity to the joys of literature, when once she has a foundation to build upon, but not before. Then it is a relief to her, but before it would have merely added to her sense of mental congestion.

In a wisely conducted school well known to me, only girls of certain attainments are allowed to enter the Literature Class. True, they have learned some half-dozen of Shakespeare's plays thoroughly, mastered most of Scott's poems, and been grounded in elemen-

tary knowledge concerning such people as the Venerable Bede, Dean Swift, Addison, and others of like fame, but of real literature they know nothing. Suddenly a new world bursts upon them and they revel in it. They find limitless pleasures in "The Idylls of the King," "The Ring and the Book," "Religio Medici," "John Inglesant," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Endymion," and a hundred other favorites. And in this wisely taught school none is, having arrived at years of discretion, forced to read authors she has no sympathy with. Does a girl dislike Tennyson, she is asked to study Browning; if he be not to her taste she is told of the beauties of Matthew Arnold, of Southey, of Longfellow. She need not despair because she does not like one; she will like others, and she finds she does. Among some of the girls of this school there is a ceaseless rivalry for literary knowledge.

"I will bet you half a crown," says one enterprising damsel to another, "I can learn 'In Memoriam' all through before you can."

"I won't take it," says the other laughing, "you're such a terror for learning, but I'll take it on 'The Grammarian's Funeral.'"

"Done," says the first. "We'll begin at once, I can learn some while I brush my hair to-night; it won't take long to finish it."

I may add that bets of this kind are so common that frequently six or seven poems a term are learned in this enthusiastic fashion, and well remembered for quoting purposes afterwards.

Usually every school has a few authors it dislikes with an almost religious fervor. In my own school days the following came under our ban and remained there: Jane Austen, Scott, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Milton, George Eliot, Coleridge, Charlotte Yonge.

This may seem a curious list, but

we had our reasons for disliking the authors, and those reasons may amuse not a few, therefore I set them down, so as to remind the grown-ups of the excessively strong feelings schoolgirls may entertain on literary matters.

Jane Austen was hated because her heroines were given to fainting, and her books dealt with such humdrum experiences.

Dickens, because of the vulgarity of his language. It was our lot to be obliged to read aloud from one of his works during our drawing lesson, and to the shy and modest mind of a young girl this was frequently an exceedingly unpleasant experience which necessitated many blushes.

Milton was disliked on account of his incessant allusions to classical persons of whom we knew nothing, and on the subject of which we could not always obtain satisfactory information.

Coleridge came under the ban of our displeasure on account of his indifferent treatment of his wife and family, and also because "The Ancient Mariner" had caused us many a nightmare in our youth.

Scott did not interest us, since we were none of us fond of history, though geography was our great joy. Doubtless, had his romances dealt with discoveries on the face of our planet we should have loved them.

Thackeray, I confess, we were grossly unfair to. Having read "Vanity Fair," and conceived an intense dislike for the character of Becky Sharp, we unanimously refused to peruse any more of his works.

George Eliot harrowed our impressionable feelings so seriously with the description of the woes of Hetty, that we refused to entertain the idea of a further acquaintance with her works.

Charlotte Young we disliked for various reasons, one being that her religious views seemed to us peculiarly narrow! I may add that our excellent

principal had always inculcated the broadest of religious views into our own minds and we had the greatest horror of anything approaching narrowness.

Enough has been said of school-girls and their attainments. Let us now turn from them for a moment to the girls who have left school, and who are still quite young.

In front of me lies a small, black note-book belonging to one such, and in it is written a list of books read by her during the year. Listen to it, ye who have lost faith in the perceptive power of the British girl, and withdraw your accusations! The list is too long to be given in detail, but I give a portion of it here.

Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; "Pelléas et Mélisande," by Maeterlinck; "Les Aveugles," by Maeterlinck; "La Vie des Abeilles," by Maeterlinck; "L'Intruse," by Maeterlinck; part of "The Odes of Confucius"; part of "The Egyptian Book of the Dead"; "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," by Victor Hugo; "The Ring and the Book," by R. Browning; Life of Balzac; Life of Voltaire; Life of Beaumarchais; Life of Burne-Jones; Life of William Morris; Rossetti's Poems; "The Bhagavad Gita"; S'adi's "Rose-Garden"; "Omar Khayyam"; "Nathan der Weise," by Lessing; "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," by Schiller.

I need not continue. Many more are in the list, which astonishes me by the varied assortment it contains. I asked my young friend if she never read light literature.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I love to be made to laugh. I revel in 'Punch,' and 'The Just So Stories,' and Jerome's books, and 'Alice in Wonderland,' and anything really funny."

"But how did you come to want to read some of these books I see mentioned here?"

"Oh, I heard of them, and I wanted to read them and not be ignorant; one

is always hearing of things. For instance, I went to see *Man and Superman*, and you know the clever chauffeur in the play mentions Beaumarchais. I had never heard of Beaumarchais, so, when I went home I got his 'Life' out of the library, and read all about him. I am reading 'Le Barbier de Seville' now. It is so amusing."

"But do you never read novels?"

"Oh yes, a few, just those I feel interested in. I read the reviews. The man who reviews for the *Daily Telegraph* has just my taste, and if he likes a book very much I try and get it."

"Which of the recent novels do you like best?"

"I think 'The Garden of Allah' is perfect. It is as good as 'John Inglesant' and 'Notre Dame de Paris,' and they are my favorites of all. Then I like 'Vivien' and 'The Secret Woman' very much, they are so well written."

I must confess that when I continued my questions I found that this girl had never seen a book by Jane Austen, only read one of Dickens' works, did not like Scott, was not aware of any such person as Mrs. Gaskell. So that had she been set to answer the questions in literature mentioned in *The Nineteenth Century* article, she would have fared badly. Yet think of all those valuable works she had read, and with which she was unusually well acquainted, and you will see that her knowledge of literature was no farce, but was deep and well grounded.

I know of one girl who saved her meagre pocket-money for a whole term in order to buy a cheap edition of "Paradise Lost"; of another who buys "Somebody's Encyclopædia" out of her very inadequate dress allowance, so that she may gain much coveted knowledge; of yet another—and she is only ten—who performed an astonishing amount of sustained work in order to possess a copy of some of Tennyson's poems, including "The Lady of Sha-

lott," which poem she declares to be her "favorite out of everything."

When I think of these and many others, I feel decidedly cheerful concerning the outlook for literature in our schools, and I earnestly hope there are many others who also can honestly view this side of the question.

Of course there are very, very few girls who, without any encouragement or telling, will study standard authors; but on the other hand, I have scarcely ever found one who could not be interested and made to love real reading. I believe that the hunting up of similar passages in different authors is one of the best exercises for creating a love of literature and awakening the perceptive powers.

I well remember a dear old master, whose class I was privileged to enter when about sixteen, and he used this method greatly. He would read a passage; one in particular I recall. We had been going through a course on "In Memoriam," and he had been pointing out to us some of Tennyson's ideas on death. At the close of the lesson he read slowly:

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his Native Land.

"Now girls, I want you to find me a similar idea in any of the works of any other author."

This meant work, but we determined to do our best, and our excitement when we found anything suitable was tremendous. I know that I was the fortunate discoverer of the passage in *Hamlet*,

From her fair and unpolluted flesh may
violets spring,

and my joy did not subside until I had had the pleasure of detailing this find to the master himself at our next lesson.

Before I close, I should like to mention another accusation that is brought

constantly against the modern girl—that her conversation is all of dress and nothing else.

This is by no means true. That she likes dress, and very rightly, there can be no doubt, but she does not confine her conversation to that subject. Far from it!

A few weeks ago, while travelling on the North London Railway from Hampstead Heath to Richmond, I had the pleasure of overhearing a conversation which made me long to possess a phonograph, so greatly did I desire that it should be recorded for the benefit of my pessimistic literary friends. The conversers were two young, nicely dressed girls of—I should judge—about twenty-two years. As they sat near me and talked away happily, careless of listeners, I could not help being interested.

"Wasn't it nice of father to give me 'Shelley'?" said the one, beginning the conversation.

"Very. I want him myself badly. I have a 'Keats,' you know, and I learn bits of him by heart. Don't you like 'Isabella' immensely? And, of course, the 'Ode to the Nightingale'?"

"Yes, rather. Now, can you tell me how those lines go on, 'Where but to think is to be full of sorrow—'?"

The other repeated the entire verse.

"Ah, I knew you could. They have been worrying me all night. Now I think I can say them myself."

She repeated them slowly, and with pauses, while the other smiled and was ready to correct.

"Now, that is right. I like those lines, and do you know Browning's 'Epilogue to Asolando'? because I want to say a bit of it to you if you do."

"Yes, go on."

The Monthly Review.

Again the lines were repeated, and quite correctly; the friend looked pleased, and said so, then their minds wandered. The first began again.

"Do you remember how we quarrelled about Omar? You said he was a Sufi; you had read it somewhere. I knew he wasn't, and Hugo agrees with me."

Ah, here was a new interest! Who was Hugo, I wondered? But the second girl answered, and I listened.

"I think all the different translators make poor old Omar's religious views to vary," she said meditatively, "and it pleases me to think he was a Sufi. I like the Sufis immensely."

I cannot continue this fascinating dialogue, but all I can say is, that it lasted till the train entered Richmond Station, and it was entirely literary from beginning to end, with the exception of the last sentence. "Oh, by-the-bye," said the taller and better-looking of the two girls, as she left the train, "mind you try and match the lace for me at So-and-so's next time you are there."

"Of course, I will," said the other somewhat plaintively. "Do I usually forget?"

"No dear, never."

At this I found myself walking away from my interesting companions. True, they had had their bit of dress to finish up with, but very little, and the rest of the conversation had been worthy of a Paris salon.

With them let us leave the subject, and rest assured that at least some of our future women are not as foolish and uneducated as many would have us believe, and let us all exert ourselves to the utmost to see that the more stupid ones may profit by their good example.

Margarita Yates.

A NEW HOUSE FOR THE COMMONS.

From time to time much is heard in Parliament of congested districts in Ireland and elsewhere. The most hopelessly congested district at the present time is enclosed by the walls of the Palace at Westminster. The result of the General Election was to send to Parliament 429 Ministerialists, faced by an Opposition of 158. Happily, in the circumstances, the 83 Nationalists who complete the tale of parliamentary representation do not come into consideration. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Gladstone being returned to power at the head of what in those days was reckoned an overwhelming majority, they resolved to indicate their independence of British political parties by retaining their old places to the left of the Speaker. Ministers might come and Ministers go. They would sit on for ever. Had it been otherwise, the present condition of things in the House would have been even more appalling than it is. With the assistance of Mr. Keir Hardie's following among Labor Members, the Nationalists pretty well appropriate the whole of the benches below the gangway on the Opposition side, thus relieving the strain on the Ministerial side to the extent of over 100 seats.

There still remains the problem of seating 400 Ministerialists in an area assigned for a moiety of the assembly. In ordinary conditions, when political force is more equally divided, the accommodation is hopelessly insufficient to the demands made upon it. It is almost incredible, but actually true, that when the present House was built, with full knowledge that it had to accommodate 658 Members, sitting-room was provided for 306. It is true that in the side galleries, flanking the chamber, room was made for an additional

122. It is also the fact, though not generally recognized, that the galleries are technically within the House. Any Member seated there, who succeeds in catching the Speaker's eye, may address the House with the freedom exercised when he is called upon to rise from his seat on a bench on the floor.

There is a historical occasion when the privilege was asserted. It happened at the opening of the first session of the Parliament of 1880-85. Then, as now, the Ministerial majority, composed largely of new men, were insatiable in attendance on their novel duties. They were down punctually at prayer-time, and when others strolled in during Questions they found every seat taken. Some of the older parliamentary hands practised a little *manœuvre* at the expense of new Members. Places are secured for the current sitting by inserting in the brass framework at the back of the bench tickets obtainable only at prayer-time. The rigor of this ordinance is modified by a custom, generally observed, of Members placing their hats before prayer-time, on a coveted seat. This was regarded as equivalent to pegging out a claim, and the hat was left undisturbed till tickets were obtainable. The presumption was that the claimant was actually in personal attendance, waiting in the Library or newspaper room till the bell rang announcing that the Speaker had taken the chair. The knowing ones kept a surplus hat in their locker, and having secured a seat with the help of one, shamelessly went forth under the other to drive in the Park or go about their ordinary business.

It was this conspiracy Mr. Mitchell Henry, speaking from the side gallery in 1880, disclosed to a shocked House.

It illustrates the little dodges to which Members are driven owing to inadequate accommodation. The present session, still young, has seen much manœuvring for place. On the stroke of midnight preceding the opening day a crowd of Members filled the dimly-lighted Lobby, waiting till midnight should boom from Big Ben, and the doors of the House open with the break of day. Even midway in its course, novelty having worn off, members suffer extreme personal inconvenience in the effort to procure a seat on particular occasions. The introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1893 led to some notable scenes. It was a smoking-room story, of course exaggerated, that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, unconscious of the coming dignity of Chancellor of the Exchequer, arrived at the House at midnight on February 12, 1893, in a four-wheeler otherwise loaded with top hats. Certainly his colleagues in the Liberal-Unionist Party, who then sat below the gangway on the Ministerial side, were observed to be exceptionally lucky in the race for seats.

The introduction of the momentous bill was imperilled by threat of the intervention of a question of privilege arising out of the general *mêlée*. Mr. Wallace, member for Limehouse, had, by taking thought, procured the much-prized corner seat below the gangway on the Opposition side, long associated with the personality of Lord Randolph Churchill. Early in the morning he asserted ownership in the customary way, by leaving his hat on it. Colonel Saunderson, otherwise unprovided for, made for this seat. The rightful owner resisting his claim, the Colonel dropped into it, the fact of Mr. Wallace's hat being on it at the moment not mattering. A struggle ensued, resulting in the Member for Limehouse being laid prostrate on the floor. Another Irish Member, a Nationalist this time, secured three seats at one blow

by taking off his coat and spreading it full length on the bench.

These incidents have their comic aspect, but they indicate a really serious state of things. It is a remarkable fact that with the largest number of members of any legislative assembly in the world, the House of Commons has the smallest seating arrangements. To the Paris Chamber, including Ministers, there are returned some 300 members, for whom 372 seats are provided. As we have seen, the House of Commons, now numbering 670 Members, seats (galleries included) 428. A glance at some of the principal legislative chambers will be interesting by comparison with our own. I may premise that the present House has a total area of 1127 square feet. In addition to the 428 seats for Members, there is accommodation for something under 300 strangers, including peers,* diplomats, ladies, and officials. The Paris Chamber is semicircular in form, about 100 feet in diameter. Eighteen marble columns divide it into bays. There are eight tiers of seats, divided by seventeen gangways. A desk, with lock and key, is provided for every member. The tribune, whither members repair when primed with speech, occupies the centre of the semicircle, being raised some three feet above the level of the floor. Behind the orator's tribune is the President's chair. A speaker accustomed to the tribune and careful of his position is fairly well heard.

The Reichstag, in Berlin, is arranged pretty much in the same plan. The orator has a tribune before the Presidential chair, the reporters seated at a table immediately before him. Ministers, on semicircular benches, face the tribune; members, 460 in all, sitting to the right and left. It is not a very good place to speak in, owing to its oblong form and the position of the rostrum set midway down its length. In Florence, senators are lodged in the

Palace of Uffizzi, in what was originally the theatre of the palace when built by Vasira in 1560. The deputies are housed in the neighboring Palazzo Vecchia. It was built for the popular council Savonarola dreamt of at the end of the fifteenth century. It is beautiful to look upon. But as far as acoustical properties are concerned, it is worse than our House of Lords.

The Hall of Representatives, at Washington, is 93 feet by 139. As naturally becomes a free country, it was built largely with a view to accommodating the public. Seats are provided for 1312 persons, the odd thousand being the public, who are at liberty to enter without those formularies which hamper the stranger in the House of Commons. Every member has his desk and armchair. The latter, moving on a pivot, allows him the privilege, according to personal observation freely used, of turning his back occasionally either upon the Speaker in the chair or the speaker on his feet. Chairs and desks are arranged in a semicircle. There is no rostrum, members, as in our House, speaking from their places. In so vast a hall the difficulty of the voice filling it is insuperable. I was present at the opening of a recent session, and, straining attention to catch remarks of members speaking from the farther end, I thought tenderly of the acoustic properties of the House of Commons.

In the Reichsrath, at Vienna, as in Paris, each deputy has assigned to him a private desk. In turbulent times during recent sessions these have played a prominent part in parliamentary debate. Other methods of obstruction in this lively assembly growing stale, it occurred to an ingenious deputy that the lid of his desk might be put to useful purposes. Accordingly, when any gentleman of contrary opinion, and when any Minister

whatsoever, was on his legs, he lifted the lid of his desk to fullest range and brought it down with a bang. By sedulous practice he was able to make the consequent noise almost incessant. The device took on, and is now in common practice with the Opposition. The House of Commons has no parallel advantage. When, last session, objection was taken to Mr. Alfred Lyttleton answering questions on Chinese Labor addressed directly to the Premier, the Opposition yelled unintermittently for an hour, thus preventing the Colonial Secretary advancing beyond the opening words of his intended speech. A few desk lids manipulated on the Austro-Hungarian principle would on that historic occasion have proved exceedingly useful.

The Belgian Chambers are on the model of the French, but are much smaller. That has, however, not the corresponding advantage of improving the acoustic qualities. It is exceedingly difficult to hear, even on the floor of the House; whilst in the galleries allotted to strangers it is in the main impossible.

Whilst the House of Commons is less spacious and less ornate in decoration than others in either hemisphere, it is of all the most admirably equipped in respect of acoustics. There are, indeed, few buildings of its capacity that approach its perfectness in this respect. It was not always so. The House, as originally designed, was in this respect quite as bad as the House of Lords remains. When, seventy years ago, the Palace at Westminster was projected, it was determined to have a magnificent pile of buildings, worthy the historic site and the Mother of Parliaments. There was no stint of money. Incidentally accommodation was to be provided for the occasional assembly of a number of gentlemen forming the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

Mr. Charles Barry, assisted by Mr. Pugin, enthusiastically entered into the idea, and carried it out in a fashion that added lustre to his name. When the work was finished, it was admitted that the building was radiant in beauty without, and discovery was promptly made that within it bristled with inconvenience. The chambers devoted severally to the deliberations of the Lords and Commons were especially charming in the beauty of their proportion and in the perfection of their design. In fact, they left only one thing to be desired—the possibility of a Member addressing either House being heard by the listening Senate.

In the House of Lords, where perhaps this is on the whole not a matter of prime importance, acoustics were sacrificed to architecture. The chamber remains to this day the splendid structure designed by Mr. Barry. The consequence is that it has become the sepulchre of speech. Of the coronetted host, there are not more than twenty who can make themselves distinctly heard, even within the limits of the red-leather benches. In the Press Gallery, debate may be reported only by a system of collaboration. Groups of reporters, writing out their notes, sit together, each contributing his quota of a speech sufficiently well heard to have been taken down in shorthand.

It fortunately happens that among the few who are audible are the men whose words the nation would not willingly let die. Lord Beaconsfield, shifting his quarters, found, to his pleased surprise, that he was as easily heard in the Lords as Mr. Disraeli had been in the Commons. Towards the end of his career the late Lord Salisbury fell into a habit of bowing his massive head and confiding the concluding words of an important sentence to the privacy of his chest. At his best he was clearly heard—as are Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord

Halsbury at the present day. The new Lord Chancellor has successfully passed through the critical ordeal.

Whilst the Lords accepted the situation as they found it, Members of the more utilitarian House of Commons insisted upon the necessity, at least the desirability, of their speeches being heard. The defect in the chamber was unerringly traced to the lofty ceiling, with its delicate stone fascia, its noble arches, and its dark recesses in which the human voice buried itself, giving up the ghost among inarticulate rumbling. Few who sit in the House of Commons to-day and look up at the glass ceiling, illuminated at night by a galaxy of gas-jets, dream that it is the tombstone of a roof upon which Mr. Barry lavished the tenderest care, the most consummate art. Such is the fact. Members, with rude persistence, insisted upon their speeches reaching the ear of their audience, especially that portion seated in the Press Gallery. The controversy lapsed into the alternative of speeches or roof. In the end the roof was sacrificed. A glass ceiling was hung low beneath it, with the result that the still new House of Commons admittedly rivalled in acoustic qualities the renown of the temporary House built on the destruction by fire of the older Palace, whose super-excellence in this important respect was hymned by old Members.

To those familiar with the comfortable—in some cases luxuriant—arrangements existing to-day, in the way of private rooms for Ministers having seats in the House of Commons, it will appear incredible that when the Palace at Westminster was handed over for legislative purposes discovery was made that Ministers charged with the conduct of affairs of the State had no private rooms within the building. In course of time two were made available, one being allotted to the Law Officers of the Crown, the other to the

Ministerial Whip. The Premier had no retiring-room, much less the Leader of the Opposition. I have heard the late Mr. Childers tell how during the early years of his Ministerial life—first at the Admiralty, next at the Treasury—he had no private room. As Financial Secretary to the Treasury it was his function to arrange the order of business of the day. When at the Treasury boxes of papers were constantly arriving for his consideration. His only resort was to seat himself at one of the tables in the Division Lobby, where he found himself in company with other distraught colleagues.

Additions to the rooms allotted for Ministerial purposes were made from time to time. But it is only within the last dozen years that the demand has been fully met. To-day not only every Secretary of State but every Under-Secretary has his private room, some, notably those of the Leader of the House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Irish Secretary, being commodious, even luxurious. In those good old days the Ministerial Whips were located in a small dungeon leading out of the Lobby in the corner now appropriated by the Post Office. The Opposition Whips had no room at all, being obliged to take counsel together and hatch plots in quiet corners of the corridors. As to the gentlemen of the Press, their condition was pitiable. For many years the only accommodation for writing out reports was the anteroom to the gallery, now chiefly occupied by telegraph operators. By a low narrow passage, still extant, it led into the sole refreshment room, an apartment 22 feet long by something less than 10 feet wide, running to a height of 8 feet 6 inches.

Here was throned old Wright with his store of cold roast beef and knuckle of ham, slices of which he by long practice, and the bestowal of much thought, was able to cut in slices of super-

human thinness. There was an uneasy suspicion in the minds of his customers that these *pièces de résistance*, brought down afresh every Monday morning, were conveyed in the red pocket-handkerchief with which Wright used to mop his honest brow after wrestling with the ultimate yield of the ham knuckle. If, in these more enlightened days, any manufacturer were to condemn his workpeople to labor in such a place, he would bring himself under the notice of the factory inspector. Sixty years ago this black hole was thought amply sufficient for the accommodation of representatives of the Press, who, according to the letter of the law, had no business within the precincts of the House.

In 1867 a Select Committee was appointed to consider the whole arrangements of the House of Commons, with a view to enabling a greater number of Members to take part in the proceedings. They were also instructed to consider how better accommodation might be provided within the precincts of the House for the transaction of departmental business by Ministers.

The provision of alluring retiring-rooms for Ministers had an undesigned but important influence on the conduct of debate. In the course of commentary on the slackness of the attendance of Ministers which marked the closing sessions of the last Parliament, it was pointed out that Mr. Disraeli was not only at his post on the Treasury Bench practically from the time the Speaker took the chair to the adjournment of the sitting, but required that his example should be followed by his colleagues. Mr. Gladstone, when in office, habitually observed the same rule. With the late Ministry it was a daily habit, not least scrupulously observed by the Leader of the House, as soon as Questions were over, to disappear, leaving the colleague concerned in the business immediately under

consideration in sole tenancy of the Treasury Bench. This was a practice which occasionally led to embarrassment, and was frequently protested against by those punctilious advocates of order, the Irish Members. The difference was greatly to the credit of the earlier race of Ministers. But it must be admitted that, in some cases, they may have remained hour after hour on the Treasury Bench for the sufficient reason that if they quitted it they had nowhere else to go.

In his evidence before the Select Committee of 1867 Mr. Ward Hunt gave a graphic and pathetic account of the troubles of a Minister. It was in his time, as now, inevitable that the transaction of departmental business should lap over into the time of the sitting of the House. "At present," said Mr. Hunt to the sympathetic Committee, "you have the choice of two things. One is to go into the Library, the other to sit in the Lobby. If you sit in the Lobby, you incommode persons wishing to write letters. You take up a much greater space than can be afforded, as your boxes and papers occupy the rooms of two or three persons. If you should happen to be engaged in doing something which requires all the thought and attention you can give to it, the chances are that somebody comes up and speaks to you about something that has nothing to do with the matter in hand. Then perhaps a division is called, and you have to leave all your papers lying about. I believe you can so leave them with perfect confidence. Still, a highly sensitive person might object to, leaving his papers lying about in that way. If you go to the Library you are not within reach, supposing you are urgently wanted."

Mr. Ward Hunt's lament did not end here. Old members will recall his gigantic physical proportions, which, in the hunt for seats, weighed heavily

upon him. Even members of average proportions who constitute his Majesty's present Ministry cannot find room on the Treasury Bench when they are fully mustered. It is quite a common thing to see one seated on the gangway steps below the Treasury Bench. Forty years ago Mr. Ward Hunt poured his plaint into the ears of the Committee. "During this Session," he said, "I have stood for hours, unable to get a seat. For a long time it has happened every evening that, having to answer questions, I have been obliged to stand behind the Speaker's chair till the questions are put. I frequently have to ask some member of the Government, sometimes a Cabinet Minister, to allow me to take his place in order to answer questions."

Members of King Edward VII's Ministry who dwell at ease in their private rooms will study with interest these experiences of the Financial Secretary of the Treasury in Disraeli's day.

The Session of 1867 was one of unusual storm and stress, bringing into prominence the hopelessly inadequate accommodation of the House, not only for Ministers but for private Members. The Reform Bill was to the fore. Debates were exceptionally interesting. Urgent Whips brought down on either side full muster of Members in anticipation of a critical division. It was resolved that something must be done, and in June of that year a Select Committee was appointed to consider the whole arrangements of the House of Commons, and to report how a larger number of Members might be enabled to take part in the proceedings. They were further instructed to consider how better accommodation might be provided within the precincts of the House for the transaction by Ministers of departmental business. Of the fifteen Members constituting the Committee only two still survive, the ven-

erable Duke of Rutland and the evergreen Earl of Wemyss. Mr. Bright, Mr. Caldwell, and Mr. Beresford Hope were among Members whose names are familiar to this day.

That the legislative chamber was in size insufficient for the purposes to which it is dedicated was commonly agreed. The Committee at the outset fought shy of going the full length of recommending the building of a new House, and laboriously considered various expedients for extending the area of the existing one. An idea well received pointed to desired enlargement being gained by taking down the walls which divided the House from the division lobbies, and throwing the additional space into the legislative chamber. The hunt in that direction was drawn off on discovery that the roof was supported upon the inner walls. Another scheme submitted provided that the walls behind the Speaker's chair at one end, backing the Sergeant-at-Arms at the other, should be removed and the House lengthened. This would give an additional hundred seats, but whether they would be of any practical use to Members desiring to hear or to join in debate was doubtful. A necessary condition of adoption of this plan was that the Speaker's chair should be set midway down the length of the chamber, as is the case in the House of Representatives at Washington.

Mr. Bazley, later Sir Thomas, a long-esteemed Member for Manchester, being in church one Sabbath morning, was visited by a happy thought. He took note of the galleries extending laterally and opposite the pulpit, nearly doubling the seating capacity of the church. Why should not the House of Commons adopt the idea? Above the division lobbies which run round the legislative chamber level with its floor is a corresponding range at the height of the side galleries in the House it-

self. Mr. Bazley's idea was to take in these upper lobbies, extending the galleries backward till they reached the outer hall. He was bowled out by Lord Elcho, who shrewdly pointed out that such an arrangement was all very well in a church where the preacher had the advantage of the height of his pulpit. It would never do in a chamber where Members addressing the House stood up from their places on the floor.

The Committee sat only three weeks, making no report but printing the interesting evidence accumulated, and recommending their reappointment in the ensuing session. Among the new witnesses called was Professor Tyndall. An expert on acoustics, he was chiefly examined with respect to the possibility of improving the conditions of the House of Commons in that respect. Amongst the mysteries hidden from the eye of strangers in the Gallery, probably not familiar to new Members, is the floor of the House. Covered with string matting, it appears to be of the ordinary character. It is actually constructed of perforated iron-work, designed for the purpose of ventilation, fresh air passing through it from the cavernous cellars below. Some authorities were of opinion that this was responsible for any imperfection that might be noted in the acoustic qualities of the chamber. They insisted that there was added to the visible room within the four walls of the House the space in the ventilating chambers below, practically doubling the area a voice must command. Professor Tyndall was of opinion that there was nothing in the objection.

Asked to state what in his opinion was the best shape acoustically for a chamber set apart for public speaking, he drew on a piece of paper a design of which I am able to give a facsimile. "The best shape acoustically," he said, handing in the scrap of paper, "would be something of this kind: a

room of five sides, with the Speaker where the dot is." The rough plan, it



must be admitted, is quaintly suggestive of a tombstone, with the Speaker in the position where *Hic Jacet* is generally found. The main point in considering a perfect room to speak in is, according to this eminent authority, "to quench the echoes, to quench the resonance."

In the interval between the adjournment of the Select Committee in 1867 and its reappointment in the following year, Mr. E. M. Barry, son of the architect of the present Houses of Parliament, completed the plan of a new building. It is so ingenious, and in all respects so happily conceived, that, if at near or distant date it should be resolved to build a new House for the Commons, it will undoubtedly be adopted. I have before me Mr. Barry's plans and a copy of his description of their effect, which make it possible to realize his general idea.

A serious objection to undertaking the work of building a new House rested on the assumption that it would be necessary to pull down the old one, setting up another on its site. That, as followed on the construction of the old Houses of Parliament in 1834, would necessitate the erection of a temporary building, in which, for a period that could scarcely be less than two sessions, legislative business might be carried on. Mr. Barry overcame this difficulty by an ingenious device. Adjoining the House of Commons is a

courtyard known as the Commons Court that serves no indispensable purpose. He proposed to utilize it as the site of the new House, which might continue to serve ordinary purposes till the new building was completed. That done, the old building would not be discarded. The glass ceiling removed, and the hidden beauties of the roof restored to the light of day, it would serve as a lobby, giving access to the new House, and reserved exclusively for the use of Members. It would contain a post office, rooms for the Whips, and a refreshment bar in lieu of the stall which at that period disfigured the lobby.

The new House, thus buttressed, would seat 569 Members, benches for 419 being set on the floor. Room would be provided for 330 strangers, making a total of 900 less one, an increase slightly exceeding 200. Provision of 20 inches sitting room per Member is made in this estimate. But Mr. Barry sanguinely anticipated that on crowded nights it would be possible to seat 600 Members. At the bar end of the House accommodation would be provided for 44 Peers. At the opposite end, behind the Speaker's chair, eight seats would be allotted for the convenience of permanent secretaries and the like having occasions to be in attendance at sittings with which their Department was specially concerned. This would be an obvious improvement upon the present arrangement, which seats officials under the gallery at the remote end of the House, necessitating a far excursion for Ministers desirous at a pinch of conferring with their official colleagues.

In the controversy as to whether the iron grating forming the floor of the present House is hurtful to the acoustic qualities of the chamber, Mr. Barry, in opposition to Dr. Percy, the engineer of the House, took the affirmative side.

He insisted that this contrivance added one-fifth to the area of the chamber, increasing by so much the difficulty of Members in making their voices carry to the farthest range of their audience. Mr. Barry accordingly dispensed with the grating, making the floor of solid wood. Fresh air he proposed to introduce from below as hitherto, but it would be conveyed through the double framing of the backs of the benches. Apart from the legislative chamber, spacious reading and news rooms were provided. A new refreshment room on a large scale was planned to face the River Terrace. The Press Gallery was to be extended, with the addition of three writing-out rooms, a refreshment room, and a hat and cloak room. In shape the new House would be a square with the corners cut off, forming an octagon with four long and four short sides. The cost Mr. Barry estimated at, taking it roughly, about £100,000. Subsequently this was increased to £120,000.

The Committee reported emphatically in favor of the scheme. They unanimously resolved that "an increase of accommodation for Members can be obtained in the most satisfactory manner and without involving any interruption of the proceedings of the House by the erection of a new chamber in the Commons Court." They especially applauded the condition that the present House of Commons would neither be pulled down nor injured. On the contrary, it would be restored to the more beautiful shape it possessed according to the design of Sir Charles Barry, and before, in 1850, it was subjected to alteration. The effect would be that the ceiling would be raised, the height of the windows greatly increased, and the true architectural proportions restored.

It seemed that all remaining to be done was to obtain the necessary vote for money and set about the work.

Probably had the Parliament of which the Select Committee was a microcosm been in early youth or vigorous manhood, this would have been done, and Members of the present Parliament who find the necessity of daily manœuvring for seats would have been comfortably lodged. But in 1868 Parliament was tottering to a fall. It was dissolved in the summer of that year, and with it went the baseless fabric of the vision of a new House of Commons. Once more the whirligig of Time has brought round a state of things in which the accommodation of the present House is declared to be unendurable. This discontent may possibly last long enough to bring to the front as a matter of urgent public importance the adoption of Mr. Barry's shelved plans. More probably, as the interest of new Members flags and as by-elections succeed each other, the pressure on the Ministerial side may decrease, as it has done at former epochs. Mr. Ayrton used to say in his downright fashion that through an average session there were only fifteen hours during which the House of Commons was not big enough. Like many asseverations of this peremptory person, there is a taint of exaggeration in this dictum; but it points to a fact familiar to old Members. Already before the session of the Parliament of 1906 has entered on the second month of its existence there are many long hours through which the benches on the floor would accommodate four times as many as are seated there.

Pending development of the movement, Members may congratulate themselves on some precious possessions that make the House of Commons as a legislative assembly preferable to any other. Its acoustic qualities are almost perfect. So is its system of ventilation. Kept cool in summer, it is snugly warm on winter nights.

Whilst all the Ministers have private rooms, the convenience and comfort of unofficial Members has been cared for by constant additions and improve-

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ments. Like most human institutions, it might in some respects be improved. As it stands, it will serve.

Henry W. Lucy.

WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Godfrey and his mother had just sat down to dinner when Peter entered. Mrs. Hounsell, who had been much exercised in her mind with regard to her younger son, looked up with a smile as he entered. His absence from breakfast had seriously alarmed her, but she was resolved to ask no questions. She and Godfrey had tacitly agreed to let bygones be bygones, and to coax the culprit back to the family circle from which their passing severity, well-deserved though it might be, seemed to have driven him out.

The mid-day dinner, therefore, was ordered in accordance with Peter's tastes; a bottle of the sparkling elder liked by him in hot weather stood on the sideboard, and a certain cake, for which he had once expressed a partiality, was also in readiness. Godfrey, too, had been concerned at his brother's attitude, and the whispered comments of the men, who, like him, took note of Peter's non-appearance in the wheatfield, increased his uneasiness. It was with real relief that he saw the truant enter, and he hailed him cheerily.

This cordial welcome was the last thing Peter wished; he had, in fact, been prepared for stern looks and reproachful words, and had hardened his heart accordingly. He would have infinitely preferred a cold reception. He

had burnt his boats—there was no going back now.

He stopped short just inside the door, gazing from one to the other without speaking.

"Just in time," said Mrs. Hounsell. "I was afraid the grill would be cold—the grill that you're so fond of, you know."

"I have not come back for dinner," said Peter in a dull voice, "I—I'm not coming back here, any more. I came to tell you, mother and Godfrey, that I am going to earn my own living from this out. I have taken a situation."

His mother leaned back in her chair and looked at him without speaking.

"A situation?" exclaimed Godfrey. His face was crimson, his eyes seemed ready to start from his head.

"Yes," continued Peter, steeling himself and speaking firmly. "Miss Manvers has engaged me as underkeeper."

Having launched his bolt into space, he waited for the result; but neither of the others said a word.

"I know everything you think," he went on, his voice trembling with a passion that arose as much from his own sense of degradation as from the resentment which he was endeavoring to stir up afresh within him; "I am disgracing myself—disgracing the whole family; I shall never again be able to take my proper place in the world. But, all the same, I shall be standing on my own feet; I shall be my own master, even if I am a servant."

Mrs. Hounsell's lips moved, but she uttered no sound.

Godfrey leaned across the table and fixed his brother with a long, steady glance.

"This is your point of view," he said at length, huskily. "Have you thought at all of ours—my mother's and mine? You are disgracing us all as you truly say, but another man would carry away his shame to a distant place; and you—you settle yourself down at our very door so that every one may point the finger of scorn at us—so that we can never forget. We can never hold up our heads again; the neighbors—even our own men—will have the right to mock at us."

"You are making a mistake, Godfrey," cried Mrs. Hounsell, in a loud, clear voice, though she was pale even to the lips; "we shall not be disgraced, any more than a tree is withered because the rotten branch drops from it."

"Mother!" exclaimed Peter, turning towards her quickly. The taunt, as he took it to be, cut him to the quick. A rotten branch! Was that what he had become in his mother's eyes?

His lip quivered in spite of him, as he continued, after a pause:

"It is true that I have accepted this situation, but don't be afraid—I will keep myself and my shame out of your sight. I shall not come near the place again till you send for me."

"You will have to wait a long time," said Mrs. Hounsell.

The color came back to her face and she rose stiffly.

"Godfrey," she pursued, "bring me the bible."

Godfrey rose and crossed the room to the table in the window on which lay the large bible that served a double purpose, being not only used for devotion, but, in a manner, containing the family archives. As he gave the book into his mother's hands he turned to Peter. Never had the likeness between

the two brothers been so marked, yet they glared at each other like beasts at bay.

"I suppose," he began, after a moment's pause, "I suppose you are doing this to spite me. But let me tell you if you persist it is you who will rue it. God knows I have often wished that my father had not left you dependent on me, but I am glad now that you are. I can at least punish you. You have no pride in your name, no respect for our father's wishes—well, not a rood of Hounsell land shall ever come to you, not a penny of Hounsell money"

Peter laughed scornfully.

"I renounce all claims," he said.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hounsell, pushing aside with trembling fingers the plates and glasses which stood in her way, had laid the bible on the table, and was turning over the fly-leaves.

Brief were the records of the Hounsell family, dating though they did from the Simon of Queen Anne's time to the Simon who had been carried to the churchyard in the preceding year. Births, marriages, and deaths were alone inscribed, and by an odd chance Peter's name and the date of his birth stood alone at the beginning of a blank page.

"'Peter Hounsell,'" read the mother slowly, "'son of the aforesaid Simon Hounsell and Mary Ann Dibden, his wife; born on the 19th of June 188—' Peter, I ask you solemnly, will you give up this wicked folly?"

"No, mother," said Peter resolutely; "I have taken my resolve, and I mean to stick to it."

For all answer Mrs. Hounsell tore out the page on which Peter's name was set forth. "I have only one son now," she said.

Thereupon Peter turned about and left them. He felt stunned as he mounted the stairs to the bedroom in which he had slept every night of his

life since his baby cot had been removed from his mother's room. The fact struck him now with overwhelming force: he had never passed twenty-four hours away from Hounsell's House, and now he was leaving Hounsell's House for ever. He looked blankly round the big, familiar room. There, in the bay window, they used to keep their toys, Godfrey and he. What games they used to have in the long summer evenings when the nurse, believing them to be asleep, had stolen out for a chat with sweetheart or crony. Peter saw in fancy the two cots standing side by side in the corner as of yore, and two little white-gowned figures gleefully leaping therefrom as the door closed behind their guardian; and then what frolics!—pillow-fights, top-spinning; battles in which whole battalions of tin soldiers, all the more beloved because slightly battered, executed complicated manoeuvres. He remembered how, sometimes, in more placid moods, they would sit side by side on the window-seat, telling each other stories; their arms twined round each others' necks, their bare legs swinging: he seemed to feel for a moment the pressure of Godfrey's little hot hand on his shoulder. He recalled how, on one winter's night, when he had been overcome by a fit of real or fancied terror owing to the strange appearance of the old piece of tapestry which hung opposite the window, Godfrey had taken him by the arm and dragged him forcibly up to it.

"Feel," cried Godfrey, "feel! The beasts are only made of stitches; how can they come out into the room if they are only made of stitches?"

Rousing himself at length with an effort, Peter crossed the room to the bookcase in the further corner, and hurriedly collected the volumes to which he had a personal claim, resolutely discarding all that might by any stretch of imagination be supposed to

belong to the house. He gathered together his clothes and other of his possessions in the same way, leaving aside everything which he had bought or which had been given to him since his father's death. His heart seemed to swell more and more within him as the minutes passed, and even while hurriedly packing his portmanteau he strained his ears. In the parlor beneath Godfrey and his mother must hear his footsteps as he went to and fro, and realize what he was doing. He half expected the door to open, his name to be called; what should he do if they called him, if his mother, weeping, threw herself into his arms?

Then he smiled a bitter smile to himself—for them he existed no longer.

He had purposely left to the last the little packet containing Nathalie's handkerchief, and it was not till the final strap was buckled that he strode over to the chest where it lay concealed, and drew it forth. He weighed it for a moment in his hand, and then, after passionately kissing it, thrust it into his bosom. The very contact seemed to give him strength; hope, which had been numbed by the pain of his recent encounter, now sprang up afresh within him. He had made the sacrifice, and might justly claim the reward.

He went downstairs with a firm, quick tread, and passed out of the house without so much as a backward glance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MEADWAYS.

Later in the afternoon Peter set forth for Keeper Meadway's house. He had timed himself to arrive about six o'clock, when the keeper would be likely to be at home. The great heat of the day was over, and a thousand sweet and aromatic odors greeted him as he advanced. Here, in the wood, the dew was already beginning to fall,

and the evening quiet seemed prematurely in possession. At this hour even the beech-leaves, though no longer perfumed as in early spring, had a fragrance of their own. There was a flutter in the air as of invisible wings, and now and then a long sigh seemed to pass through the tree-tops, yet they scarcely seemed to move.

He stood still for a moment or two, watching the sinking light falling, irregularly as it seemed, now on the trunks, now on the ground, making of last year's fallen leaves a very sea of gold; then, pressing forward, and leaving the beeches behind, he found himself in the coverts proper, amid pines and larches with a dense undergrowth beneath: rhododendrons, privet, stunted holly and thorn—all such things as are beloved by the shy creatures of the woods. He heard faint bird-notes in the distance, a blackbird flew shrieking across his path, and the warning was taken up by a score of startled voices. With a loud crowing a cock pheasant flew up almost from beneath his feet; he could hear the whirring of other wings farther off, rustlings of boughs, the patter of light feet; and with each fresh indication of the presence of the wild things over which he was soon to exercise dominion, he felt his heart grow lighter. A life in the woods with the green above, beneath, and around him, and the birds and beasts for company: was it not one with which any man might well content himself? Long solitary days; nights spent sometimes in colloquy with Nature in her most mysterious mood—a man might very well forget the troubles of the outside world, lay aside his cares and fears, even his hopes and desires, and be at rest.

It was in this meditative mood that Peter drew near the keeper's cottage, and tapped at the closed door. He could hear voices inside and the shuf-

fling of feet, but it was a moment or two before his summons was answered. The door was opened at last by a young girl, who, in response to Peter's inquiry, requested him, with a smile, to step in.

As Peter walked past her, the girl, a slight, dark-eyed, childish-looking creature, looked after him curiously; then she closed the door and went back noiselessly to the kitchen.

The keeper and his wife were seated at the table, and, though Mrs. Meadway rose at Peter's entrance, neither spoke. The keeper, indeed, retained his seat, and glared at the newcomer with a somewhat forbidding air. Peter stopped short, a little taken aback; but the girl, entering quickly behind him, pushed forward a chair, saying pleasantly:

"You'll sit down, won't you? Father's been expecting you."

Mr. Meadway vouchsafed no remark; he stirred his tea instead, in so violent a manner that some of the contents of his cup splashed over on to the cloth. His wife, after a moment's hesitation, spoke for him:

"Well, 'tis this way, Mr. Hounsell; we did expect you an' we didn't, if you understand. I mid say that Miss Manvers's message was most unexpected—the unlikeliest thing we could ever have looked for; but still, she did tell us you was a-comin'. She did—I'll say that for her—she certainly did."

Here Mrs. Meadway, who was a small, thin woman, with a pale face and plaintive dark eyes, sighed and shook her head dolorously, and after an appealing glance at her husband, which would seem to inquire if she had not stated the case fairly, relapsed into silence.

The keeper took a noisy gulp of tea, set down his cup with an emphasis that might have proved dangerous to a saucer less solidly constructed, and bit fiercely into a hunch of currant cake.

He took no notice whatever either of Peter or of his wife; and again the girl threw herself into the breach.

"You see, it's just like this," she said, with a pretty, apologetic smile. "Father's a little bit put about because he's always had quite common men to work under him, and he doesn't know how he'll get on with you. And mother, too—the place is good enough for such as we together—but we don't have anything very grand, and mother's afraid our ways won't be like those you are used to—"

"I never said no such thing, Prudentia," interrupted Mrs. Meadway indignantly; "I knows what's due to myself and what's due to a visitor so well as anybody, thanks be! But a visitor's one thing and a lodger's another; and when 'tis talk of an underkeeper—sich bein' as like as not in the habit o' lookin' out for no more nor a bit o' cold meat or a slice or two o' bacon except it mid be o' Sunday, why then I say —"

Here the torrent of Mrs. Meadway's eloquence was cut short by her husband, who, with his mouth still full, addressed Peter for the first time.

"I don't want no dalled nonsense," said Keeper Meadway emphatically—so, emphatically, indeed, that any chance wanderer on the high road a mile away might very well have heard him. "I don't want no dalled nonsense; an' what's more, I won't put up wi't!"

He nodded threateningly, swallowed the cake which he had been masticating, and took another bite with a vengeful air.

Peter glanced from the great red-bearded giant to his doleful better-half with a sinking heart. What should he do if the difficulties made by these good folk brought about a hitch in his plan? While he cogitated, the little voice at his elbow broke the awkward silence once again:

"It'll be all right; you see if it isn't all

right, father. Mr. Hounsell wouldn't want to be a keeper if he didn't think he'd make a good one."

"You do talk too much, Prue," said the keeper; but his face relaxed nevertheless, and he stretched out a hairy hand and pinched her cheek.

Thereupon Prue smiled, showing teeth as white and even as little pearls, and a dimple in her brown cheek. She was very brown, but not ugly for all that, thought Peter; her eyes were so bright, her small face with its pointed chin so intelligent, her movements so alert and nimble.

"Well," resumed the keeper, in a more amiable tone, "I don't want to seem uncivil; but I can't help sayin' as I'd a deal sooner ha' had anybody else, Mr. Hounsell. You bain't no manner o' use to I—I mid jist so well say so, straight out. There be more work in this 'ere place nor in any other in Darset—more work and less credit; 'tis what I do always say. One man can't get round it—no, nor ten couldn't; an' there bain't more nor two of us, an' now I be to have a man as don't know nothin' an' can't do nothin', an' 'ull be expectin' of I to be under his feet."

"No, no," said Prue soothingly, "I am sure nobody expects that, father."

She slipped round to the other side of his chair as she spoke, took his spoon out of his cup, set the latter straight in its saucer, and smiled down upon him encouragingly.

"It do come very hard upon we," lamented Mrs. Meadway. "There, a flock mattress was always reckoned good enough till now, but 'tis feathers as 'ull be looked for, most likely—a spring bed, I shouldn't wonder."

"I never slept upon a spring bed in my life," said Peter. "Look here, Mr. Meadway," he continued, turning with a frank smile to the keeper "you quite mistake the case. I come to you as any other man might come who is in want of employment. All I ask is a

fair trial. If you find I don't suit, you can, of course, report me. I'll venture to say there's nothing which Jim Bridle did that I can't do; if there is, you can teach me."

"I'm sure nothing could be fairer than that," chimed in Prue, her dark eyes flashing from one to the other, now in encouragement, now in appeal.

"There ye go again, a-jinin' in wi' your little pipe what nobody do want to hear," cried the keeper; but he looked triumphantly, nevertheless, at Peter, as though to say: "Is not she a clever little maid?"

"I don't say but what it do seem fair," he added after a pause, "and nobody could speak more straightforward nor what you do do, sir. But there 'tis again"—catching himself up—"it bain't in rayson I should ha' to call the man what be under my orders—'sir.'"

"It certainly isn't!" agreed Peter. "You must, of course, call me 'Hounsell,' or 'Peter,' if you like it better."

"Come," said Mr. Meadway, relaxing into a broad grin, "I wouldn't ax to go so far as that. 'Hounsell' will do."

"And I'll call *you* 'sir,'" resumed Peter, laughing good-humoredly. "I'm sure Jim Bridle did."

"Lard, no, sir—Hounsell, I mean—there bain't no occasion for that. Up to this I have always touched my hat to you respectful, an' stood a-one side if I was in your way; I can't forget that, sir—Hounsell, I should say."

"You must forget it, though," said Peter firmly; "I'm going to forget it myself—I'm going to forget all about my old life now that I'm starting a new one. Well, it's settled that you'll give me a trial; and you'll let me lodge with you, ma'am?" turning to the keeper's wife. "If I don't behave myself you can always turn me out. A shake-down of any sort in any corner will

do, and I'm not at all particular about what I eat. I suppose I may begin work to-morrow, Mr. Meadway?"

"You *be* to begin work to-morrow; Miss Manvers did say so," returned the keeper. "You can send your traps down any time to-night."

"That's all right, then," said Peter, rising and setting back his chair against the wall, where it bore company with two others of the same pattern adorned with woollen antimacassars.

"All right?" echoed the keeper. "'Tis all wrong, sir—man, I should say. I d' 'low you'll do for I right enough, but I think you be doin' a daft sort o' thing for yourself. Never heard the like on't! A man who was so good as a gentleman, and a deal richer nor most, chuckin' up everything for the sake o' bein' a keeper; an' comin' to the one place in the county o' Darset where there's the least credit to be got. The pheasants bain't worth mentioning in this 'ere place. Miss Manvers 'ud so soon think o' buyin' a he-lephant as o' buying a few beggs. As for the birds"—he paused to turn up his nose—"if there was any shootin' parties here, the birds 'ud make ye blush, they're that scarce. But we never do have no shooootin' parties. I do kill what I can get for herself, an' she's content wi' that. All the wold lady do care about is keepin' other folks out. Says I to her one day, 'Ma'am,' says I, 'tisn't keepers you do want; 'tis policemen,' I says. 'You should engage a couple o' constables,' I says, 'to patrol the place and keep out trespassers. You'd be quite satisfied wi' that,' I says."

"Yes," admitted Peter, incautiously. "I have always heard that Miss Manvers didn't preserve for any practical purpose."

"You knowed that, did ye?" cried Meadway, shaking his forefinger at him. "Then, what the dickens mid ye

want to be keeper here for? 'Tisn't love of sport what brings ye."

"I do want to be keeper here, that's all about it!" returned Peter with a final air. "Perhaps I am a little daft. Well, I'll turn up to-morrow at eight, sharp. Good-day, Mrs. Meadway. I'll have my things sent down to-night. Good-bye, Prue, if that's your name."

"My darter was christened Prudentia," explained Mrs. Meadway, in a lofty tone, "arter a Saint what I saw once in a church window. Not a Roman Saint, mind ye; I wouldn't name a child o' mine after sich. This 'ere was proper Church of England, and put up by the vicar hisself. There was two o' 'em, Prudentia on one side and Carrie—Carrie summat on t'other."

"Caritas, perhaps?" suggested Peter.

"Ah, it mld ha' been that," conceded Mrs. Meadway indifferently, "but Carrie's an awful common name; an' t'other picture was the prettiest. If I had my way, the maid 'ud always be called Prudentia; but Meadway, there, he do say he can't get his tongue round it."

"No more I can," agreed the keeper. "'Tis such a mouthful of a name as never was. Now, Prue's a nice little name, an' fit for a nice little body."

He smiled good-humoredly at his daughter as he spoke, and Prue smiled back. It was a pretty smile, Peter thought to himself, and infectious, too, in its way, for he, also, smiled as he passed her on his way out.

Once alone however, in the silence and gathering darkness of the wood, the brightness left his face. Where should he go? What should he do next? For that night, at least, he was a homeless wanderer. He was hungry, too, and shivered with the chill that is frequently the result of strain and great emotion. He knew he must have food and rest to fit himself for the labors of the morrow; yet it was with lagging steps that he turned towards

the little wayside inn where he had supped on the previous night.

News of the rupture with his family must have already spread over the village, and the gossips would be all agog. Nevertheless, what must be, must be; he must steel himself to bear these petty annoyances, since he was playing for so great a stake.

A hush fell upon the little group already gathered in the tap-room of the Blue Lion when Peter came in, and though he was quickly provided with such rough fare as the place afforded, he could scarcely eat for anger and mortification. He could see from where he sat, in the room off the bar, the curious glances, the uplifted hands; not a man there but was privately passing judgment on Peter's recent action.

He paid his reckoning, and beckoned the landlord to come out into the yard.

"There's a little job I want you to do for me, Barnes," he said.

"Right, sir," returned Mr. Barnes, expectantly.

"Will you send your cart up to the house for some luggage of mine that I want fetching to Keeper Meadway's in the Croft wood?"

"To Keeper Meadway's!" ejaculated the landlord, aghast.

Peter inferred that as yet the folk at the Blue Lion had not heard of his new venture, and was conscious of an odd sense of relief.

"Yes," he said sternly, "to Keeper Meadway's. There's a portmanteau and a large wooden box. I'll give you a note to send up with your cart."

"Ye'll not be there yourself then, Mr. Peter?" queried Barnes tentatively.

"No," answered Peter. "How much will you charge me?"

"Well, half-a-crown is what we do generally ax."

"Here's half-a-crown then."

He tore a leaf out of his notebook and scribbled a few lines to Godfrey

asking him to deliver to the bearer the luggage which he had left ready. "There!" he exclaimed, handing the missive to Mr. Barnes, "you'll see to it at once, won't you? Good evening to you."

"Good evening," said the landlord; then, suddenly catching Peter by the sleeve, "Mr. Peter," he cried, "I've a-knowed 'ee ever since you was a little bit of a child. Don't 'ee go for to do nothin' foolish, sir. Lard, what should ye go traipsin' away from your good home along of a miff wi' your brother? Many's the man what falls out wi' his family—I've a-fell out wi' mine often enough—but to go a-walkin' out o' the house, Mr. Peter, and a-fetchin' away o' your things an' all—that do really seem desperate."

"You're a good old chap, Barnes," said Peter; "but every man knows best where his own shoe pinches. When it is too tight 'tis best to go barefoot. Good-night, and thank you all the same."

The landlord looked after him, scratching his head, but had no time to protest further, for Peter was already swinging along in the direction whence he had come.

He had intended to pass the night at the Blue Lion, but relinquished the idea now. What if the news that Maister Peter Hounsell had turned underkeeper should come to the place while he was actually there? How could he stand the surprised comments,

the gibes, the chorus of condemnation? It was curious that Peter, who had been brave enough to take so great a plunge, should thus shrink from some of its most trivial consequences.

No; he would go back to the woods—the woods to which he had now vowed his future life—the woods where there were no curious eyes, no ill-natured tongues. He would sleep under the stars.

He heaved a long sigh of relief when he at last found himself amid the trees, and after walking some distance till he reached an absolutely remote spot, sat down under a large beech. He watched the last glow of sunset fade, and the spaces of sky between the branches turned from luminous green to deep blue, and then to gray, and then become almost black. And then the little stars peeped out one by one. He saw the moon rise and set, and at last stretched himself at full length on a heap of fallen leaves which he had raked together with his hands. He felt calmer now, thus surrounded by the holy peace of Nature. Nevertheless his heart was as heavy as lead.

"If my mother could see me," he said to himself, "sleeping out like a tramp!"

In spite of the shelter of the trees and the quiet beauty of the night, he felt desolate indeed; and his last waking thought was of the big, tapestried room at home, and of the bed in the corner in which his mother used to tuck him up as a child.

Longman's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

MR. GLADSTONE AS I KNEW HIM.*

At the annual meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Science in Paris, in 1898, a distinguished speaker said: "Mr. Gladstone might have sat

* The subject of an Address given at an Institution in Kensington.

here at his choice among our philosophers, our historians, our jurists, or our moralists. He summed up in his person all the moral sciences; better still, he carried out the doctrines he professed."

To this it may be added that he was a scholar, theologian, administrator, and financier of the highest order, and as an orator he was able at will to excite the enthusiasm, rouse the sympathies, call forth the love and the hatred, both alike passionate, of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Gladstone once said to Sir Edward Hamilton: "I have made mistakes enough in my political career, God knows, but I can honestly assert that I have never said or done anything in politics in which I did not sincerely believe;" he might however have added, it is the struggle and not the victory that constitutes the glory of noble hearts.

It is of none of these qualities that I am going to write; neither am I going to dwell on his genealogical, his theological controversies, his Homeric studies; all of these subjects have been dealt with in that splendid and wonderful book of Mr. John Morley's, which is now within reach of all of us. But if the reader will bear with me for a short time I should like to have a little talk of Mr. Gladstone as I knew him, and, alas! there are few now living who knew him as long as I did.

There will be some readers of this paper who are hostile in their political opinions, but time has probably softened, if it has not entirely obliterated, the acerbities of what is now past history; and if I am obliged to allude to politics, I hope that I shall not be tempted to say one word that can offend the susceptibilities of the most susceptible. In talking of Mr. Gladstone, how can I avoid any reference to politics? for his name runs like a golden thread through all the beneficent legislation of the latter part of the last century. You might as well talk of Nelson and avoid any reference to Trafalgar, or of Wellington, and not allude to Waterloo.

Mr. Gladstone was a politician from his birth, for when he was only three

years old he was, as he recollected, put on his father's table to lisp out a few words on the occasion of Mr Canning's return for Liverpool in 1812. Fifty years afterwards he told the House of Commons, in the greatest of his many great speeches, how he had been bred up under the shadow of the great name of Canning, and that every influence of that name governed the first political impressions of his childhood and his youth. Of his subsequent career at Eton and Oxford I will not speak, except to give one specimen of the industry and perseverance which followed him through life. The late Dean Stanley, his contemporary at Oxford, once said:

There were two men at the University in my time who could not do a common rule-of-three sum (there were no Board Schools in those days)—Gladstone and myself. Since that time I have acquired sufficient knowledge of sums to enable me to do the accounts of the abbey of which I am dean; but Gladstone at once saw that he could not attain the highest honors of the University unless he mastered mathematics, and immediately set to work, with the result that in addition to gaining a first class in Classics, he obtained a first class in Mathematics, and lived to become the greatest exponent of figures that ever adorned the House of Commons.

In 1832 he entered Parliament as member for Newark, then a close borough belonging to the Duke of Newcastle. He soon entered official life in a subordinate office, but in 1841, in Sir Robert Peel's great Government, he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and there he learnt the blessings likely to accrue to the country by the abolition of the Corn Laws; and I will tell how at that early date his mind was drawn to the consideration of this great subject. At the Board of Trade some Chinese despatches came before him, in which the Prime Minister of

that country said that the ships of foreign devils should not be admitted into their ports; "but," he added, "some of these ships were laden with corn, and it would be madness to exclude from their ports what would cheapen the food of the people." This Oriental wisdom led him to the study of this great problem, and he became, as he remained to the last day of his life, a staunch Free Trader.

He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Government in December, 1852, and it is curious to notice how many events in his life took place in that month. In December, 1834, he entered Peel's Government. In December, 1852, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, in December, 1868, Prime Minister.

When Chancellor of the Exchequer he followed the policy of his great master, Sir Robert Peel, the policy of economy and reduction of taxation on the necessities of life, a policy which is now being attacked. As Sydney Smith said, alluding to the vexatious interference of the Customs on all articles of daily use:

The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

Mr. Gladstone reduced the number of articles taxed at the Customs from 1163 to 48.

In 1868 I became his private secretary, and from that day till the day of his death he honored me with his confidence and his friendship. Like a skilled artizan enamored of his tools, Mr. Gladstone was apt to view, per-

haps with an exaggerated indulgence, those like myself, who, fascinated by the personality of the man, gave all they had to give to his service. A biographer has said:

His manner towards his intellectual inferiors is almost ludicrously humble. He consults, defers, inquires, argues his point, where he would be justified in laying down the law, and eagerly seeks information from the mouths of babes and sucklings.

The chief joy of old age consists in retrospection, and I can see him now as on that morning when I began my work. The little details stand out in photographic clearness before me. I see him seated at his table in Carlton House Terrace, the black frock coat with a flower in his buttonhole, brown trousers with a stripe down the side as was the fashion at that time; a somewhat disordered neck-cloth, and the big collars which afforded such cause for merriment in contemporaneous caricature. An upward and almost annoyed look at the interruption gave way to a kind smile, as Mrs. Gladstone introduced me to him. He plunged into business at once, and gave me a huge box of correspondence connected with the formation of his Government, and I immediately understood what Sir Robert Peel, I think, once said, that the hardest task that could fall on a Minister was the business of forming a Government. That box contained the undue pretensions of many, the self-effacement of few, the modesty of some, and the ambitions of all. Where are those ambitions now?

Mr. Gladstone explained to me his views of the relations that should exist between a Minister and his secretary—unbounded confidence, such as that which in a well-ordered household should exist between a husband and a wife, and then work began—work that had a beginning but never had an end.

In a few days he showed me his scheme for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and on March 1 he introduced it to the House of Commons, which met in those days at 4.15 P.M.; at 3.45 I found him reading Shakespeare. I asked him how long his speech would be. He thought three hours—it was really three hours and ten minutes.

Never since Parliament was Parliament was such a sight seen. The floor was covered with chairs, and every available spot in the galleries was crowded to hear the great orator lay his scheme before the House, for, whatever his views were, whether right or wrong, there never existed a doubt as to what they were; he always took his countrymen into his confidence, and did not conceal them in philosophical pamphlets, or on a half-sheet of note paper.

During those three hours of strained attention only one member had the courage to interrupt him. I shall never forget the interruption or the answer. "Had I wished," he said, "absolutely to confuse the subject I had in hand, I should have adopted the course suggested by the hon. member."

Let me give an instance of his marvellous memory. We were discussing in 1881 the conversion of the malt tax into a beer duty, which he called the greatest financial operation in his life, not even excepting the reimposition of the income tax. I had told him that the estimated profit of the maltster was 3 per cent. on each quarter of malt. I am now putting imaginary figures. The following day he said, "I understand that the maltster's profit is 4 per cent." "No, sir," I said, "3 per cent." "I certainly thought it was four"; and then turning to Mr. Young, a famous Inland Revenue official, he said, "Can you recollect as far back as 1832? Was not the profit then supposed to be 4 per cent.?" "It was

then," he replied. "Ah," Mr. Gladstone said, "I see how 4 per cent. has got into my mind. I recollect studying the question when I became member for Newark in 1832, and it was that figure then,"—a gap of nearly fifty years!

It has been said that Mr. Gladstone had not a keen sense of humor, and yet in Parliamentary badinage he was never surpassed. I have seen him as delighted as a child over simple stories, and particularly at American wit. Once some one was rash enough to repeat in his presence a questionable tale of a political opponent. "Do you call that amusing?" he said; "I call it devilish."

In his later years two men of singularly unprepossessing presence sat opposite to him, and he put to his colleagues on the bench beside him as to which was the ugliest. They gave their opinion. "No," said he, "you do not approach the question from the proper point. If you were to magnify your man, he would, on a colossal scale, become dignified and even imposing; but my man, the more you magnified him the meaner he would become."

Mr. Gladstone was often accused of being intolerant of those who differed from him, and of brushing aside with an energy approaching to rudeness objections made to his own ideas. There may have been some semblance of truth in this accusation when his mind was once definitely made up, but I have never known a man, while a matter was being discussed, so patient and so modest in sifting matters to the bottom until he thought the truth was reached. He believed in his own thoughts, and, as Emerson said, "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, that is genius." Then he had a splendid boldness in brushing difficulties aside, following Lord Bacon's aphorism—that a

statesman should doubt to the last and then act as if he had never doubted. In the hour of action he was like a great commander, who, having made his dispositions with care, engages his enemy, whom he means to annihilate, scornful of timid counsels and hesitating advisers.

My own belief is that Mr. Gladstone was an optimist, and early realized the fact that

Life has nobler uses than regrets

and that there was no time in the short space allotted to us to waste in idle retrospections and useless self-reproaches. "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts everything you said to-day."

His aim and his work were before and not behind him.

He saw his duty a straight sure thing,
And went for it there and then.

He was one of those, as Browning said,

Who never turned his back but went
straightforward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were
worsted, wrong would triumph;
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better, sleep to wake.

Mr. Low once cleverly said: "Gladstone possesses no ideas—his ideas possess him."

His genius was to raise everything to a higher level. He was infatuated with a devouring passion for liberty throughout the world, from the time when in opening the dungeon doors to the Neapolitan prisoners, he struck the keynote of Italian independence, to the time when he raised his powerful voice in behalf of the oppressed Armenians.

When the great Napoleon was waiting anxiously for some despatches at Turin, his aide-de-camp said, "You are impatient, sire." "Yes," Napoleon replied. "I have lost many battles but I have never lost any moments." So with Mr. Gladstone. His whole scheme of life was laid out so as never to waste a minute of it. There was never in his busy day an idle dawdle by the fire; sauntering, as Lord Rosebery once said, was an impossibility to him, mentally or physically. I never knew him smoke but once—on the occasion of the Prince of Wales dining with him in Downing Street. With an old-fashioned courtliness, wishing to place his royal guest at his ease, he smoked a cigarette, which gave him more pain than pleasure; indeed, he hated the smell of tobacco, and once accused me of bringing the odious aroma of the "cursed weed" into his room. Meanly anxious to excuse myself, for I never smoked before going into his presence, I said I had been sitting for half an hour with Sir William Harcourt, who was an *acharné* smoker. Such was Mr. Gladstone's innocence that he said, "Does Harcourt smoke? I am sure if he does he always must change his clothes before he comes to me, for I have never perceived that he smokes."

A walk with him, as I have often experienced, meant four miles an hour, sharp, and I remember his regretting the day when he could only go up the Duke of York's steps at two steps at a time. When about to travel he would carefully pack his own despatch-box so that a book he was reading was ever ready to his hand. Perhaps this may be thought too trivial. In "The Small House at Allington," Anthony Trollope's heroine says:

"I wonder if the Prime Minister ever orders his boots to be mended." I may, however, quote the French philosopher Joubert: "To occupy ourselves with little things as with great, to be as fit

and ready for the one as the other, is not weakness or littleness, but power and sufficiency."

Nothing demonstrated Mr. Gladstone's modesty more than the invariable kindness with which he would judge sermons, so unlike the flippant and easy criticisms of us smaller folk. He always attended church twice every Sunday, and would always laugh good-humoredly at me for being what he called a "once-er."

Mr. Gladstone told me that once after long nights in the House he used to be tempted to stay too long in bed in the mornings, so he made a rule which he never broke to get up the moment he was called. He was naturally a good sleeper, always reading a light book to distract his mind from the contests in the House; but once he said, after a long debate, he could not help thinking of it. "If I did that often," he added, "I should go mad."

What a Government his Government of 1868 was! The Irish grievance of a dominant Protestant Church in a Roman Catholic country was taken away. Free and national education first established. Purchase in the Army abolished. Ballot passed into law. Arbitration between all countries established; and after paying off £26,000,000 of National Debt he left a surplus of £5,000,000 to his successor.

To form the truest idea of Mr. Gladstone's life it was necessary to see him at home. "There are some people who appear to the best advantage on the distant heights; some who keep others at a distance in the misty glamor of great station and great affairs," but Mr. Gladstone shone brightest in the close communion of his home. His life at Hawarden was simple and old-fashioned. On my last visit there I was greeted with more than usual affection, for he said he had been sorting old letters, and I was the only one of his secretaries who had used tape not

indiarubber rings, which soon rotted, to tie up the bundles. Every morning did he and Mrs. Gladstone, through wet and dry, heat and cold, walk to his parish church for prayer at eight o'clock; a simple breakfast on his return; a quarter of an hour's talk, and then he would retire to his private room, which he was fond of calling his "Temple of Peace," where he would be engrossed in his correspondence till luncheon time, after which came generally a rapid walk through a beautiful park, unless he, with his great knowledge of forestry and his skill in wood-cutting, was engaged in felling a tree. He has often told me that he would always have been able to earn full wages as a woodcutter. He knew the age, the circumference, and the height, I believe, of every important tree on the estate. Then a cup of tea and reading until dinner, which was a real time for relaxation and infinite talk; but what always delighted me most was to hear him speak of old days and men that had passed away from the scene in which he was still the principal actor. He would talk of that wonderful knot of men, his contemporaries of earlier times, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Cardwell, Sir James Graham, and even of the famous Head Master at Eton, Dr. Keate.

In 1892 Mr. Gladstone, in his eighty-third year, was for the fourth time called by the irresistible voice of the people to be Prime Minister, and I, having after forty years' service retired from the post of Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, was able to devote myself entirely to his service.

It was a tragedy from the beginning; as we walked across the Park to the old familiar door of Downing Street he said, "This is unnatural to me at my time of life," and indeed it was; but there was no way out of it, and he fearlessly undertook his task. How

he performed it we all know. But the end was not far off.

Lord Rosebery, in his "Life" of Pitt, tells us of a discussion which took place as to the quality most required in a statesman. One said, eloquence; one, knowledge; one, toil; but Pitt said, patience. Surely, Mr. Gladstone possessed all four!

Mr. Bright once told me that he sat next to a lady at dinner who violently abused Mr. Gladstone. "May I ask, madam, if you have any sons? If so, show Mr. Gladstone to them; if possible, get him to shake hands with them, and they will some day bless you for having known the greatest, the purest, and the noblest statesman that ever lived."

Shortly after his retirement from public life he underwent an operation by Dr. Nettleship for cataract. All was going well when by some imprudence on his part he rubbed his eye and the success of the operation was imperilled. When he realized it his first words were, "I am so sorry for Nettleship."

Some time before the end Mr. Gladstone was aware of his failing powers,

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and said: "My great wish now is to be out of all the strife. At my age I ought to be one of those whose faces are set towards Zion, and who go up thither; for this is only a probationary school—only a probationary school." And so, after much suffering, the end came. I saw him calm and patient—the great earthly reward of his pure and noble life.

There may be some of my readers who recollect seeing the coffin in Westminster Hall, with endless streams of people passing in contemplation all the earthly remains of him they had loved so well and so long. As Macaulay said of Warren Hastings:

Only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried; in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall

lies Mr. Gladstone; and is it odd that I sometimes say aloud to myself—"When comes such another?"

Algernon West.

CHRISTIAN TRADITION AND POPULAR SPEECH.

"From now till Doomsday"—it is years since I have heard the phrase. As a child I remember hearing it constantly from servants and workpeople, a bit of Catholic English, not learnt from books, but lasting on through the centuries, handed down from Norman and Saxon times, used, no doubt, familiarly by Sir Thomas More, by Chaucer, by Alfred, on the lips of high and low in that Old England, when all men saw the Figure in Majesty seated upon the rainbow above the chancellor of their churches, a fragment of a vanished world of speech. It seems

to me that every year the language of the people becomes more banal and colorless, more the language of the Board School and the halfpenny newspaper, less traditional and more lacking in associations and all elements of color and romance.

The late Sir Edward Burne-Jones wrote: "I can in no wise do without mediæval Christianity. The Central Idea of it, with all that it gathered to itself, made the Europe that I exist in." It is, indeed, impossible to imagine what the artistic blankness of Europe would be if the Catholic Church

were blotted out of its history. There is no glint of color, no pleasant bit of custom anywhere, but at the bottom of it you will always find the Faith. For instance, here is the origin of the golden head-dress of the Friesland peasant-women: The heathen king, on hearing that his daughter was a Christian, compelled her to wear a crown of spikes in mockery of the Crown of Thorns; and, on his own conversion, as he could not efface the scars upon her brow he covered them with a golden helmet, which was immediately adopted as their head-dress by all Christian women in the land. The Incarnation is the great romance, the great escape into the infinite, which broke the bondage of the hard, closed-in classical world. We cannot wonder that the unearthly light altered the look of things as it fell upon them, that, as it shone out on fields and ships and bridges, it gave them a new significance, that henceforth there was a mystic meaning in a ladder or a well. The great tradition affected language profoundly, and imparted to all Christian tongues an incomparable element of romance and charm. The old ballads and tragedies, the piteous laments and longings for lover and friend and child, are saturated with Christian ideas and images, while the classical writers of the eighteenth century wrote a language from which every trace of Christianity had been eliminated.

In believing lands and ages, the Great Figure is One "Whose Face no man can say he does not know," and echoes and shadows of the Divine tragedy are heard and seen at every turn. In Old England the child learnt his alphabet from a horn-book in which a Cross was prefixed to the first line of letters, which for this reason was called the "Christ-Cross row." At the head of the old horn-books the rhyme was often placed:

Christ's Cross be my speed,
In all virtue to proceed.

For the same reason "Cristus" is a name given in Spain to the alphabet for children, which in France becomes "Croix de Jésus" or "Croix du bon Dieu." Could one begin to learn to read in a better way? In our own day a generation of people is growing up, nourished on *Scraps* and *Tit-Bits*, who can tell you offhand the largest billiard-table in the world, and who do not know a picture of the Nativity when they see it. The great story does not interest them—at least, their minds do not dwell upon it; they are filled with other things. The place of the wayside Crucifix in the English landscape is taken by the board with the legend "Beecham's Pills—the World's Remedy."

Great as the Christian element is in all European tongues, perhaps when the Spaniards call Castilian "cristiano," the Christian language, they are not making an altogether unfounded boast. "En un Jesús" is the Castilian equivalent to the German "augenblick," the Italian "momento." It seems to me that the phrase has an element which is wanting in the "in a jiffy" or "half a mo" of our own argot. How touching is the Spanish colloquial phrase, meaning "to assist a dying person," "decir los Jesúses," "to say the Jesuses," here is a verb "Jesúsear," "to frequently repeat the name of Jesus." The Spanish word for a beggar is "pordiosero," one who asks aid "por Dios." Of course, in Spain "God" means God Incarnate, God crucified. The Russian beggars say "for Christ's sake"—the plea of man to man.

The characters of the Gospel drama were very real personages to our mediæval forefathers. The villain of the story was, of course, Judas, who was more detested than Satan himself, because, it was argued, Satan had be-

trayed man, Judas had betrayed his God. At the present day he is hanged in effigy on each Good Friday from the yard-arm of Spanish ships. In Provence he is hammered, and is, speaking generally, the Guy Fawkes of Catholic countries. It was ordained that no Christian should be baptized by the name of Judas, so that if any one wished to name his child after the other St. Jude, he must call him Thaddeus. The unpopularity of St. Jude in the Middle Ages was probably owing to his ill-omened name. He was so profoundly neglected that there is almost no example of a church dedicated to him. The tradition that Judas was a red-haired man is preserved in the French "poil de Judas." A fiery red beard was commonly called "a Judas beard." Shakespeare, in whose day the old traditions were still alive, says in *As You Like It* (Act III. 4), "His very hair is of the dissembling color, something browner than Judas's." The association of treachery with red hair is shown in the mediæval Latin rhyme:

Vix humilis parvus,
Vix longus cum ratione,
Vix reperitur homo rufus
Sine proditiōe.

I have heard the exact English equivalent of this quoted in an English country village as an "old saying." The number thirteen is again in France "le point de Judas."

A similar, though much less intense, horror was felt for Herod, the slaughterer of the innocents at Bethlehem. The expression "to out-Herod Herod" alludes to the furious demeanor of the wicked king in the old mystery plays. "Here Herod rages," says an old stage direction, "on this pageant, and in the street as well"—not only on the scaffold on which the play was presented, but in the street also. "Herod" is a popular term of vituperation in Russia. In Russian stories I have occasionally

found "Arius" used in the same way, though probably the flinger of this somewhat recondite insult would be at least a sub-deacon. *Cara de hereje*, "face of a heretic," in Spanish, denotes a monster of ugliness; *scomunicato*, excommunicate, *sbatterato*, apostate, having renounced one's baptism, may be heard often on a Tuscan market day. "Unbaptize me if I do not speak the truth" an Italian peasant will say. Modern Billingsgate has no suggestion of vast distances, and Cockney profanity is profane, and, like Peter Bell's primrose, "nothing more." There is often a quaint appropriateness in the oaths which old writers make their characters use, as when, in *Gull Blas* "poor San Bartolomé" introduces a threat of flaying alive, or when Shakespeare makes Gloster say:

Off with his head, now by St. Paul I
swear
I will not dine till I have seen the
same,

though, according to Shakespeare, "by holy Paul" was Richard III.'s continual oath. I need not remind the reader that St. Paul was beheaded and that St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.

I saw the other day on the wall of a country cottage, the St. John Baptist of the Corpus Christi processions, a curly-headed boy leading a lamb with a silken string. As usual, the good woman could give no account of it, but it set me musing as I talked about her rheumatism. For centuries in England, as still all over the world, St. John and his lamb and his cross were part of the furniture of all men's minds. He was always the living "monstrans," "the Shower," the Finger eternally pointing "Ecce Agnus Dei." The legend is that when his body was burnt "the finger with which he showed Our Lord" was preserved, and is still kept at St. Jean du Doligt in Brittany. "El cordero de San Juan" is a Spanish

colloquial phrase for youthful innocence. It will be said of a wicked old woman "She would pervert the lamb of St. John."

As to the Apostles, the first fragment of old custom which comes to mind is the "Apostle Spoon." Modern meagreness gives one spoon at a christening, but in the old magnificent days, a set of twelve, each bearing the head of an Apostle, was given to the child just received into their fold. They were the guardians and helpers of all Christendom. What a breath of democratic poetry, what a glimpse of true greatness, there is in the phrase common to many languages, "to go on the Apostle's horse." Kings have their chariots and millionaires their motor-cars, but those Princes went on foot. Our "Shanks's pony" is a mere play on words. The Spanish equivalent is "el caballo de San Francisco," which lifts the footsore wayfarer into the company of him who tramped the roads of Umbria, "drenched with rain, frozen with cold, splashed with mud, and afflicted with hunger," and found it "perfect gladness" long ago. It is this play of mind, or at least this occupation of the mind with great memories and great themes, which is vanishing from our speech to-day. In my nursery days I remember a crying child being spoken of as "Peter Grievous." I have no doubt this was a survival of mediæval days, and referred to the words of the Gospel: "And Peter went out and wept bitterly."

It is, perhaps, an indication of the greater severity of the English religion that Dismas is always called in England "the Penitent Thief." In Latin tongues he is "the Good Thief"—"il buon Ladro, le bon Larron." The "Good Thief" is the thief of the legendary stories who saves the lives of the holy wayfarers, the "Penitent Thief" is the malefactor justly condemned for his misdeeds. The one conception ad-

mits an essential goodness in the unhappy victim of circumstance, the other insists on the rigid letter of the law. By the way, there is nothing in English like "le bon Dieu" or "der lieber Gott." The note of familiarity is wanting in English religion. A wine could never have been named in England "liebfrauenmilch" or "lagrima Christi."

Theological changes are, of course, reflected in popular speech. What a tale is told by the Puritan substitution of "the Lord" for the Catholic title "our Lord." The one form speaks of a gift like air or light "in widest commonalty spread," a Christ "nobis datus, nobis natus," the heritage of every human child, the other of a blessing reserved for a select few, who passed through agonies of mind before they attained a consciousness of it. On this an old English writer, bewailing the sixteenth-century changes, says: "My heart abhors to hear that new-fangled title of 'the Lord' instead of 'our Lord,' as all Christian men were wont to say; for to the devils He is 'the Lord,' but to us He is our most merciful Lord, and ought to be called so." But Puritanism, which destroyed so much, never succeeded in wiping all traces of the old religion out of the popular speech. The most ultra-Protestants, for instance, still speak of a child being "christened," of a man's "Christian name," though in some districts I have heard (and shuddered) "first name" substituted for the latter. So with the old names of the Sundays. We still say "Palm Sunday," though even the English Prayer Book calls it the 6th Sunday in Lent. In Germany it is "Palm-Sontag," in France the "Dimanche des Rameaux" ("the Sunday of Branches"), in Tuscany the "Domenica degli Ulivi" ("the Sunday of Olives").

Many are the proverbs and phrases which have to do with Friday and Sunday, Lent and Easter. There is a

French saying, "Tel qui rit vendredi, dimanche pleurera." Our own George Herbert says, "He who sings on Friday will weep on Sunday." What a picturesque expression is the Spanish "cara de viernes" "Friday face!" "Souffrir mort et passion" is an old French phrase for the endurance of great pain. All over Europe the days of the week retained their Pagan names, except Sunday in the Latin tongues, Domenica, Dimanche, Domingo. The Quakers wished to substitute "First Day," "Second Day," and the rest. Anciently not only Friday and Sunday, but Thursday was a day of great Christian significance. The *Golden Legend* says that "the holy fathers sometime ordained for the honor of the Ascension of Jesus Christ, in which our nature ascended into heaven and was above the angels, that Thursday should be hallowed solemnly, and should be kept from fasting, and at the beginning of the Church also solemnly as the Sunday. And procession was made to represent the procession of the Apostles or the angels that came to meet Him; and, therefore, commonly the proverb was that Thursday and Sunday were cousins, for then that one was as solemn as the other. But because the feasts of saints came and be multiplied, which was grievous to hallow so many feasts, the feast of the Thursday ceased." An Andalusian rhyme says:

Thursdays three in the year there be,
That shine more bright than the sun's
own ray,
Holy Thursday, Corpus Christi,
And our Lord's Ascension Day.

Where the people make such songs their minds are not blank. Thursday is still the holiday all over Europe. The seventh day, Saturday, is "the Sabbath," "sabato," "sabado," and the like, in many European countries still. The Russian name for Sunday is sim-

ply "the Resurrection." "Ogni santo ha la sua festa" is the Italian version of our "Every dog has his day." "Se faire marchand de poissons la veille de pâques"—"to turn fishmonger on Easter Eve"—is to begin to do something when it is too late.

The Easter joy, the "Easter laughter," is, of course, proverbial in all Christian lands. We get a glimpse of it in the Italian "contento come una pasqua"—"happy as Easter," "content as Easter." The words are like a smile. They call up the first warm days, when nature is alive again, and the sun begins to shine, and the river to sparkle, when the pear-trees are in blossom, and the swallows are come back for Easter Day.

Of the Old Testament characters, Job seems to have made more impression on popular speech than any other. He has been informally canonized as "holy Job." "The patience of Job" is proverbial, as also "the patience of a saint," the latter referring, no doubt, to sufferers like St. Lidwine of Schiedam or Santa Fina of San Gimignano. "Job's comforters," again, is one of the most familiar of phrases; and the German "Hlobspost" means a messenger of evil tidings. The Spanish "ni hoja ni rama" "neither leaf nor branch" meaning not a trace, seems suggested by the story of Noah's ark. In France David is always "Le Roi prophète," not "the Royal Psalmist," as with us. I remember as a boy puzzling over the words in Shakespeare, "a Daniel come to judgment." I asked for explanations, but no one could give them, and I searched the canonical book of Daniel in vain for light. Probably many present-day readers of the *Merchant of Venice* miss the allusion. But in Shakespeare's time the stories of the Apocrypha would be as familiarly known to the people as the Old Testament stories are to-day. The reference is, of course, to the "young

youth Daniel," establishing the innocence of Susanna by his separate examination of the two elders. St. Ignatius of Antioch says that the judgments of Daniel and of Solomon were both given in their twelfth year. "Daniel" means "the judgment of God," and he stands, as it were, with Susanna on his right hand and Belshazzar on his left.

As to the Saints, their memories were in all men's minds, and their stories gave names to familiar things. A shoemaker's kit is in French "saint-crêpin," of course from St. Crispin, the missionary saint and martyr, who, although of noble lineage, worked at Soissons, as the *Golden Legend* tells us, "clouting and amending poor men's shoes." The powder magazine of a warship is in Spanish "santa barbara," in French "sainte barbe." The reference is to the legend of the death of Saint Barbara's father, who was also her persecutor. "When he descended from the mountain," the *Golden Legend* says, "a fire descended on him and consumed him in such wise that there could only be found ashes of his body." The two masts of a mediæval galley, by the way, were called "l'agilité" and "la subtilité," in allusion to two of the four "gifts" of the annunciation body. A sail only hoisted in extreme danger is called by Biscayan sailors "la extrema unclon." Probably few of those who drive in a fiacre are aware of the origin of the name. The Paris cabmen formerly had on their vehicles an image of St. Fiacre, their patron, one of the Columban saints who preached the Gospel in Gaul in the eighth century. Hence the name "fiacre." "Coiffer sainte Catherine" means for a girl to remain unmarried. "Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses," we read in Longfellow's "Evangeline," that is, to be a companion and handmaid of that saint who would have for her bride-

groom only a prince "so great that all men worshipped him, and so fair that angels joyed to behold him." The fireworks called "Catherine wheels" were made in remembrance of the wheel of torment to which the saint was to have been bound. "Avoir l'ostel St. Julien" is a phrase which traversed the entire Middle Ages. It was understood at first of finding a good inn and an honest host, and by extension it came to mean any kind of happy fortune. It was "avoir l'ostel St. Julien" to find a good wife:

Qui prend bonne femme, je tiens,
Que son ostel est Saint Julien.

St. Julian was the patron saint of innkeepers. He and his wife, the *Golden Legend* tells us, "came to a great river over which much poor people passed, where they edified an hospital much great to harbor poor people, and then did their penance in bearing folk across." "C'est saint Roch et son chien" is a French phrase for inseparable companions. In the Spanish "ni rey ni roque," meaning "not a soul," the name of St. Roch is used as a synonym for a beggar. What homely familiar scenes, what fireside gossip, with the chestnuts roasting in the ashes, what old world leisure, above all, what freedom and play of mind do such phrases suggest! How the stories of the Bible, and the legends of the saints, were known and loved! The names of St. Martin, St. Christopher, St. Francis, were as familiar to the people as the names of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Lipton, and Beecham are to the populace to-day.

The ceremonies of the Church have suggested many a phrase and proverb all over Christendom. Does our own homely "he can't hold a candle to him" refer to an acolyte holding a candle at the singing of the Gospel? The German "er reicht ihn das wasser nicht" seems to suggest the same thing, and to mean

"he is not fit to serve the other's mass." The English asseveration "It's as true as the Gospel" recalls the old, mysterious veneration for the four Evangelists, and for the Gospel-book itself. Tuscan peasants say, "Com' è vero Dio" and "Com' è vero Gesù sacramentato." "Amen del pie del altar" was Sancho's phrase. The Italians have a quaint version of our "wrong in the upper story" "ferito nel nomine Patris," referring to the touching of the forehead at the words "In the name of the Father" in making the sign of the cross. The true theory of a procession (which is not merely a walk) is enshrined in their proverb, "Curses are like processions, they return from whence they set out" — "Le bestemmie fanno come le processioni, ritornano donde partirono." We still keep the proverb about "the devil hating holy water." "This is not one of the sins que se lavan con agua bendita, which are washed out with holy water," says some one in *Gil Blas*. The meaning is "this is not one of the venial faults which are washed out by the Our Father, as St. Augustine tells us, but a grave sin requiring deep repentance." A great deal of exact theology is talked incidentally by Spanish gossips.

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There are two more phrases which I must find room for. "Heaven be his bed" is Irish, but the idea of heaven as a bed is very general.

Their beds are made in the heavens
high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's
knee,
Weel set about wi' gilliflowers,
I wot sweet company for to see,

we read in the most touching of all ballads. "The kiss of peace in Paradise" is Irish too. It means the final absolution and welcome given to the soul at the end of its journey, from the lips of our Lord himself. There is in it all the Christian poetry, so endlessly dear and beautiful, so wildly musical and sweet.

I have briefly touched on a subject which is inexhaustible. These chips and fragments of half-forgotten speech, these sticks and straws borne down the great river of language to our own time, bear witness to the immense place the Christian system filled in the lives of our forefathers, and the profound impression the Christian story made on the minds of European men.

R. L. Gales.

A LESSON IN LOVE TACTICS.

The full realization of her love for Meredith came to Helen as she watched him enter the drawing-room with the avowed intention of proposing to her cousin Gweneth.

In her eyes still lingered the incredulous smile with which she had listened to his announcement, but as the door closed behind him came the appalling conviction that he had meant what he said. For a moment or two she stood aghast at the foot of the staircase, her face blanched with horror, looking with

blank, unseeing eyes into the garden below, where the tall yellow sunflowers bordered the path to the river. Life without Meredith—her Meredith the husband of Gweneth; such ideas were insupportable: with her hand pressed to her wildly beating heart, she turned and flew upstairs to the workroom.

Her brother was busy there carpentering, and not in the mood for interruption. "Shut the door, please," he cried, without looking up; "the wind blows the shavings about."

Helen complied with his request, then crossed the room and sat down at his side on a stool whereon stood the glue-pot.

"Tom," she said, in a strangled voice, "something dreadful has happened. Meredith has gone to ask Gweneth to marry him,—he told me so *himself*."

This sudden information proved disconcerting to the young man; his hand swerved, and he cut a deep notch in the board he was planing for carving.

"Gammon!" he cried, with twofold disgust: "what will you tell me next?" Then he looked up and caught sight of his sister's face. His own changed instantly, and he put down his plane. "The truth is," he said sternly, "you have been playing the fool with Meredith. I gave you credit for more sense. He is not a boy to be attracted by silly caprice. Meredith is a man of the world and my best friend. He has made no secret to me of his fondness for you. It was quite understood between us that the object of his visit this week-end was to clinch matters with you. You cannot say," he concluded, with some reproach, "that I did not give you a hint as to his intentions."

Helen fidgeted. "That's just it," she said miserably. "You see,—I knew why he was coming."

"Quite so," her brother replied; "but was that, I ask you, any reason why you should have led him a dog's life ever since he arrived?"

Helen's eyes fell. "I suppose you would say I had not been quite nice?" she asked meekly.

Her brother regarded the bewitching profile she had turned to him with severity. "Not quite nice!" he ejaculated indignantly: "that's a mild way of putting it. You have been simply awful,—perversity itself. I can tell you I have not envied Meredith," he concluded grimly.

Helen winced. Harsh criticism from her brother was unusual. The two

were orphans, and almost alone in the world. Though not many years her senior, her brother had been Helen's sole guardian and counsellor since childhood, and a more than common affection united them. For his part, though not shirking it, Tom had fully realized the responsibility of steering a very lovely sister, with a penchant for coquetry, safely through the quicksands and shoals of girlhood; and the idea of Helen's early marriage to his most trusted friend had been entertained by him with much satisfaction,—and now had come this unlooked-for *contretemps*.

"You may condemn me," Helen said, meeting his gaze with some dignity, "but most girls under the circumstances would have done the same."

"Girls!" cried her brother, almost beside himself with chagrin and disappointment, "yes,—you are right there; it is not enough for them to have a man's honest love: they must make a fool—a spectacle—of him to their friends. Pshaw!"

"Wait!" Helen said tremulously, "you must not condemn me unheard. Imagine yourself in my place,—loving a man,—one upon whom you knew you might safely lean at all times,—the noblest, the strongest—"

"Hold hard a minute!" cried Tom: "you forget it would be a girl in my case; I don't know that I should particularly care for one upon whom I could lean, and excessive strength would not exactly attract me."

Helen cast her brother a look of reproach. "If you will insist on absolute accuracy at such a time," she said sorrowfully, "a girl, then—one whom you admired above all others; and some one told you that she had come down to your house for the express purpose of proposing to you—"

Tom wheeled round suddenly. "What decent girl—" he began, in disgusted tones.

Helen sighed despairingly. "Your utter lack of imagination," she said, "forces me to be personal. I must, I suppose, confine myself to the bare facts of the case."

Her brother shrugged his shoulders. "I have observed," he said, "that, with a few exceptions, accuracy irritates your sex."

"Don't be sarcastic," Helen faltered, in a choked voice. "My heart's broken: is not that enough?" She was silent a few minutes, then she looked up with the tears on her lashes. "Tom, dear," she said, "try to understand me: think, —if you were about to propose to a girl,—would you like her, by her manner, to any way anticipate your doing so?"

Tom's brown eyes met his sister's at last comprehendingly. "No," he said stoutly, "I don't know that I should."

"Well," Helen faltered, blushing to the tips of her little pink ears, "you see, *knowing what I did—whatever he would, I wouldn't.*"

"Ah!" her brother said, "I suppose that would be the situation. It seems simple, but scarcely promising of result."

"Oh, it would have come right—in time," Helen said, "only—there was always—Gweneth."

"Gweneth! what on earth had she —?"

"You see," said Helen, "Gweneth is so obliging. She is always ready to make up for my many delinquencies. Whenever I scratched,—metaphorically, of course,—she was there to bind up the wound. I confess her conduct exasperated me: I wasn't even as nice as I might have been had she never left Australia. I, at times, regretted that she was our father's third cousin once removed and had no other English relatives to visit this autumn. At last, when—when he did speak—I laughed at him, and suggested Gweneth as substitute; and"—she concluded, with a

wretched attempt at bravado, "you see—he has acted on my suggestion."

Tom was mentally denouncing himself as a blundering fool and Gweneth as a meddling hypocrite. "Of course," he said, "you are not yet certain she will accept him."

Helen sprang to her feet and stood, an indignant beauty with flashing eyes, before him. "Accept him!" she cried, with scorn: "can there be a shadow of doubt of such a thing?—she will be only too pleased, too proud, as any girl might. Accept him, indeed!—she would never have the impertinence to refuse. He, the cleverest, manliest man in the world, the most brilliant K.C. in England. Accept him! of course she will. Only—only," her voice broke, "she will never love him as I do, I who worshipped the very ground he walked upon." She sat down, her eyes full of despair. "No one will ever love him as I do," she said.

Tom was feeling ill with sympathy, but his face was still as hard as a flint. "I must say," he said doggedly, "that you had a queer way of showing your affection. I fear now there is nothing to be done."

Helen stirred the glue-pot with vigor. "There is one chance," she said, with some hesitation, "but it's a bit desperate, and you might not quite care about it: you could go straight down now, and tell Meredith that you have long loved Gweneth yourself. He might not like to stand in your way."

"What!" yelled Tom, in outraged tones. "I'm hanged if I'll do anything of the kind. I love Gweneth! a girl who can't look any one straight in the face."

"Of course," Helen said, with a sigh, "there's danger in it. It is not likely, but she might prefer you to Meredith. In either case," she continued, regardless of Tom's indignant face, "it would only add to her conceit to have offers

from two such men. . . . After all, you'd better not."

Tom grunted savagely. "Better not!" he began in a rage—"it's simply preposterous—" Then he observed that Helen was crying, and commenced to whistle softly, out of tune.

Helen had walked to the window. Twenty feet below lay the stable yard. "Any one," she said presently, in awestruck tones, "who jumped out of this window would, of course, be killed on the spot."

Tom had taken to his planing again. "Can't tell," he replied indifferently: "they would get smashed up a bit—crutches are not becoming things."

Helen turned from the window with a shudder, and faced her brother, such a haggard reflection of her usual radiant self, that he cried out at sight of her.

"You are ill," he said kindly, with a man's ready sympathy for physical suffering.

Helen pushed back the golden hair from her face. "The house suffocates me," she said. "Let us go on the river. I may feel better there."

Her brother threw on his coat. Downstairs they caught sight of the much-discussed couple standing together on the verandah. Gweneth had for once dropped her knitting, and was holding a flower in her hand, and Meredith was near her talking in a low voice. Tom felt his sister's fingers tighten on his arm. They hurried down the garden path unseen. Near the bank the boat lay moored, the cushions and oars ready therein. A moment or two more, and the brother and sister were going swiftly down-stream, and the house was out of sight.

For a time neither spoke. The setting sun glinting around cast strange shadows. Near the banks, where the willow trees dipped to the river's brink, the water was inky black, while the centre of the stream, narrowed now

to a pathway of glittering silver, dazzled the eyes with its reflection of the swiftly moving clouds above.

Helen took advantage of the gloaming, and when her attention was not claimed by steering, cried softly unseen. "They will say," she declared presently, "that Gweneth has cut me out."

"I am afraid we must admit the fact," her brother answered mercilessly.

"All the same," Helen declared with spirit, "it is I whom Meredith loves,—a woman always knows," she said, triumph creeping into her voice. Then she began to laugh. "I must laugh," she explained, with the tears in her eyes. "Think of Gweneth as Meredith's wife: she won't understand him in the least. She will think him cross when he is only enthusiastic, and vulgar when he is witty; she never, you know, saw a joke in her life; and the smell of tobacco is abomination to her." Her voice had trailed into a sob. "Oh, my poor darling!" she cried.

Tom's endurance had run out. "I may," he said with suppressed wrath, "lack imagination, and I am not a woman, but even did I suffer from both infirmities, I am hanged if I'd care a tinker's curse for a man who had behaved in such a manner. But," he concluded loftily, "I do not understand women."

Helen dried her eyes and sat up with alacrity. "You must not pride yourself on the fact, dear," she said sweetly; "the ignorance is, you see, so usual in your sex."

Tom heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed that even a broken heart was not to deprive his sister of her engaging quickness of tongue.

From the woods through which the stream ran came now the sougling of wind in the tree-tops, and tiny wavelets began to stir the surface of the river.

"There will be rain," Tom said, "and

you have no coat. We had better turn—there is barely time, as it is, to get back for dinner.”

The words, simple in themselves, brought fresh agony to Helen. Life was to be lived, dinner to be eaten, though Meredith was lost to her. Despair clutched her heart, death with its oblivion seemed kind; she looked down into the darkening waters.”

“Be careful how you steer,” cried Tom, as he turned the boat,—“the light’s queer.”

Carefulness and Helen were at that moment antipodal—a watery grave alluring from a world empty of Meredith. Gathering gloom, the narrowness of the stream did the rest,—a moment later the boat ran into the opposite bank with an ominous grating sound. Tom swore horribly. Helen put her fingers to her ears. “Save yourself, dear,” she cried; “don’t mind me,—I prefer to die.”

“Catch that oar and don’t be an idiot!” yelled Tom. Something white glided by swiftly, and was lost in the darkness.

It was useless to go on with one oar and the stream against them. Having exhausted his imprecatory vocabulary, Tom discovered the water to be shallow enough, and in sullen displeasure assisted his sister to the bank above. Further investigation proved that the best plan would be to tow the boat home.

“We shall be horribly late for dinner,” Tom grumbled, as they at last set forth.

Helen was feeling disappointed at finding herself still alive. The misadventure had ended tamely in mud and discomfort.

“What does it matter?” she sighed, then remorse checked her: she felt she had really tried Tom’s patience enough. She caught him up and slipped a repentant hand through his arm. It had begun to rain, and the towing path

was slippery; she made this her excuse, but Tom understood.

“Old maids,” she remarked later on, assuming a cheerfulness she was far from feeling, “are no longer despised and you are too clever and particular to marry easily. We may be very happy together for—some time.”

Tom did not reply. Inconsistent as he felt himself to be, he was at that moment thirsting for Meredith’s blood.

But the gaiety with which Helen had bravely cheered the tramp deserted her as the lights of the house gleamed at last through the trees. Misgivings lest she should find herself incapable of meeting the newly-betrothed couple with the nonchalance she deemed becoming for the occasion filled her with dismay. Tom, who was contemplating with considerable embarrassment the approaching meeting, also shared her depression.

A little farther up the brother and sister re-entered the boat, and dropping down stream managed to gain the opposite bank. Some one from the landing-stage hailed them as they approached. It was Meredith, and Helen’s heart leapt at the sound.

“Are you all right?” he cried, and there was a queer ring in his voice.

Tom vouchsafed no reply, and Helen, feeling herself forced to answer, did so with all the composure she could muster.

Meredith leant down over the boat. “Give me your hand,” he said; “it is so confoundedly dark one can’t see an inch in front of one.” Helen obeyed him mechanically, and he helped her up the bank to his side. “Thank God you are back!” he said huskily; “I was horribly afraid that something had happened.”

“Thank you,” Helen said, trying hard to appear dignified and not to shiver. “I—am quite all right. Where is—Gweneth?”

“Your cousin,” said Meredith, mak-

ing no attempt to release the hand that Helen was striving to free from his grasp, "went to her room some time ago."

"But I—thought—" Helen began.

Meredith laughed, it must be confessed a little awkwardly. "It didn't come off," he said. "I gave her a lesson in botany instead."

"Then—" Helen's lips tried to frame the question, but only a little inarticulate cry broke from her, as in the darkness she felt Meredith draw her close to his heart.

"Dearest," he whispered, "it was wrong of me, but did I quite deserve to be given the worst hour in my life? Is teasing to be your monopoly?"

Then his voice rang out sharply through the night to Tom in the boat. "I say, old chap, have you a light? I am afraid Helen has fainted."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

Uttering anathemas, Tom sprang up the bank, and the next moment, through the feeble gleam of the match he held, his eyes met those of Meredith, the baleful light of hatred blazing in their depths. "Thank you," he said coldly, "I will see to my sister."

But out of the sudden ensuing darkness came Helen's voice, feeble, but tinged with bliss: "It's all right, Tom," she said; "he didn't do it—it was just a mistake."

Other sounds of bliss came to Tom as, feeling no little relieved, but distinctly out of it, he strode up the garden between the sun-flowers, brushing the cobwebs from his face.

"What a silly business!" he told himself, realizing for the first time that he was desperately hungry and wet to the skin; "and, hang it all! I have quite spoilt that oak panel."

Clifford Mills.

THE CHINESE ARMY.

We learn from their history and literature that the Chinese were once a fighting people. In the *Ping Fa*, or *Art of War*, written six hundred years before Christ, there is instruction about shooting which might be followed with advantage by modern armies, even though they use rifles instead of bows and arrows. This is what is said in reference to fire discipline: "To waste arrows by random shooting, and afterwards to want them, is like waiting to be slain [or, in South African experience, to surrender] with the hands tied." Indeed, so much did the martial spirit prevail in those days that the Prince of the Wu State or Province established two corps of female soldiers. The ladies, however, giggled and laughed in the ranks until at length the commanding officer of each corps was beheaded for failing to main-

tain discipline. The corps then became efficient.

After some time patriotism was succeeded by pedantry. The horrid system which has now come to Great Britain, of appointing to offices by competitive examination, was instituted. Men who scored in Chinese classics gained good posts, but captains courageous were looked down upon instead of being rewarded. Henceforth the empire was to be defended by diplomacy or lies. "Politeness is better than force," it was said, so posture and imposture came to be relied upon rather than proficiency in arms.

Formerly there was no cohesion in the Chinese army, and each commander acted for himself with irresponsible light-heartedness. Indeed, until quite recently, there was no Imperial army but only provincial armies,

which, in the absence of railways, could not easily be united. Certainly an attempt was made to join together part of these independent forces, and the result was called the "Green Banner" army. So little confidence, however, was placed in these warriors, that when rebels had to be suppressed and foreign encroachers checked, peasants were hired at a higher rate of pay, and complimented with the title of "braves." In fact, the Chinese army used to be treated as ours was in the South African troubles. Chinese volunteers received more wages and the title of "braves," as our volunteers got four shillings a day more than their fellow combatants of the regulars, and were called gallant *ad nauseam*. The only difference was that our regular soldiers did the same and more work than the volunteers, but the Chinese had only garrison and police duties, and did not face the enemy at all.

Then stupid conservatism used to cause military mandarins to wish everything to be done as it had been done, and to dread change as the greatest of evils. An illustration of this was pointed out to me upon the walls of Canton. Near one of the gates where the Chinese authorities in 1860 expected the allied British and French soldiers to attack the city, guns were laid and military mandarins sat in chairs of state to order them to be fired, but the foreign devils entered at a place where no preparation was made to receive them. The Chinese general excused himself to the authorities at Peking by saying that the capture of the city was not his fault, but was owing to the cowardly, unsoldierlike foreigners who would not face the guns, but came in where, according to the established rules of war, they ought not to have come in. Did we not hear something like this in reference to the Boers? It was said that these farmers were cowardly, &c., for not leaving

cover and fighting as gentlemen or fools in the open.

But what more than anything else prevented China from having a respectable army was the low estimation in which, until two or three years ago, the profession of arms was held. A military mandarin of the highest rank was less considered than the lowest civilian one. He was thought to be *ex officio* a fool, and his subordinates, coolies, too lazy to work. "You don't use good iron," says a Chinese proverb, "to make nails, or a decent man to make a soldier." Well, it used to be said of the British army that it was "manned by the scum of society and officered by the froth."

Soldiers in China being thus looked down upon ceased to respect themselves. They deserted, robbed, and played the fool generally. A French general from Tonquin was paid the compliment of being asked to review some Chinese cavalry. They did their exercises in a place between two high ditches. "I want now," said the Frenchman, "to see them, not in close formation, but extended; let them ride out some distance and show how they can scout." The Chinese commanding officer was quite frightened by the proposal. "If we allowed that," he said, "half of them would desert and sell their horses."

If the Chinese soldier had not much stomach for fighting it was no wonder, considering how little used to go into that member. A soldier's ration of rice was so purloined between its departure from the public granaries and its arrival at his mouth that it scarcely kept him alive. His pay was from fourpence to sixpence of our money nominally, but he did not touch more than half that amount. The general took what he considered to be his due out of the money provided for paying the army, and passed it on to the next in command, and he to his next, until

it came down to Thomas Atkins, when it was small indeed.

The people who got up the rebellions that were so common were generally soldiers cheated of their pay. A rebellion was a good business for the officers too. A military mandarin obtained money from the Government to provide more soldiers and war material. Part of this he gave to the leader of the rising to induce him to make peace, and the rest he took himself.

The Chinese soldiers used to rob those whom they were hired to protect. In a town of which I heard, there was a row between Protestant and Roman Catholic native Christians—a sort of North of Ireland Orange riot. Soldiers were sent, not exactly to settle theological differences, but to keep the peace. The first day they demanded rice from the inhabitants, but cooked it themselves with their own charcoal; the second day they commandeered both rice and charcoal, and the third day they forced the people to cook for them.

Before quite recent reforms the clothing of troops troubled viceroys and provincial governors as little as did their food and payment. As a rule, nothing was given to them except parti-colored sleeveless linen jackets, which they wore over their ordinary coolie clothes, and slipped on and off to suit their convenience. On the back of the jacket the word "Ping," or soldier, was inscribed. Without this label one might easily have made a mistake. Should courage fail the warrior, he threw off his jacket and retired into the comparative security of private life. Was there to be an inspection, and the military mandarin, having appropriated public money, had no soldiers to show, coolies were hired for the occasion and put into blue and red jackets. Falstaff said that he could get linen for his soldiers on any hedge; a military mandarin reversed this and got men for his linen in every village.

A general inspected a regiment and lunched. When he was at the meal the jackets of the inspected men were sent to another place, and put on coolies who were then inspected. In several of the provinces the army was literally one of dry bones. The names of men long dead were kept upon the rolls, drawing pay and rations by proxy.

There have been for some years quite up-to-date forts and guns in China, but there was always something wrong. Perhaps the ammunition provided did not suit the gun, or coal-dust had been supplied instead of powder.

The fewer soldiers a provincial governor had, the better were they supplied with noisy musical instruments and unmeaning flags. Their tactics seemed to have been to beat so many gongs and exhibit such large colors that their foes might be too frightened to attack. This was not so scientific, but it was quite as brave, as modern Western warfare, which consists in finding the enemy and then hiding from him.

This was the condition of the Chinese army when the Japanese came along and knocked them sky-high. Then the nation began to think that it was time to set their military house in order, and they were confirmed in this opinion when the European Powers appropriated slices of their country and extorted enormous indemnities, when at last the worm turned.

Several times, when stationed at Hong Kong, I went on leave to important places in China and particularly noticed things military. The first time I went was four and a half years ago, and then the armies of the different provinces were in a transition state. I saw soldiers who had no other weapons than spears and gins, and no better clothes than rags, and on the other hand I saw some with Mauser rifles and even with waterproof coats which, when a sprinkle of rain

fell, they put on over rather smart uniforms.

But of course it was the war between Japan and Russia that not only awoke China but made her sit up and look about her. Since the beginning of that war there has been a Chinese military renaissance. Just after it began I went for a tour in China and noticed how busy the military hive was. At Canton I saw the guard of the Viceroy with bugle band and all complete, and certainly the band did not appear to be organized in order to follow the injunction of an old military writer: "Spread in the camp of the enemy voluptuous musical airs so as to soften his heart." When the guards of honor who received the Viceroy at Hankow, during a visit I paid to that place, presented arms to his Excellency, they did not do so kneeling, as used to be the case, but in the most approved European style. Having very good introductions to the authorities at Ichang I was shown over the barracks, beginning with the school, for all these up-to-date soldiers must learn to read and write. On the walls of the school there were maps and also portraits of some of the world's great men. The only Britisher thus honored was Ruskin. There were also cards upon which were shown every decoration and uniform of the Japanese army. Pains seem to have been taken to teach the soldiers that Japan is the only important country in the world. The barrack-rooms were small but not crowded, and the men's arms and accoutrements were in good order. The men looked well fed and seemed to take great interest in physical drill.

In summer khaki clothing is worn, and in winter cheap black material trimmed with red. The officers have given up the flowing silk garments, horse-shoe cuffs, embroidered breast-plates, and amber necklaces in which they used to rejoice, and are dressed in more Western fashion.

China has recently started an Army Council for organizing an Imperial army, and seems to have made more progress in that direction than has our Army Council. Its President is Yuan Shih-Kai, the most honest and cleverest man in China, and nearly all its members have visited Europe or Japan.

It is said that there are at present ten divisions, or 120,000 men, in the new army, properly equipped and trained by foreigners. It is hoped that within the next ten years the numbers will mount up to half a million. Enlistment is voluntary, and for three years with the colors, after which the soldier passes into the first and second reserve. Recruits are carefully chosen after a period of probation. They must be between twenty and twenty-five years of age, five feet five inches tall, and able to lift a weight of 150 lbs. No opium-smoker is accepted, or any one who cannot get recommended by the head man of his village.

There are now two or three colleges for educating officers in China, and provision has been made for sending a hundred students each year to military schools in Japan. A college, too, has been established for training medical officers. This will probably make the Chinese soldier fight better, for what he used to dread more than death was being left to die of his wounds, and that no one would make ritual offerings to a corpse abandoned on the battlefield.

Considering the cheapness of living in China the pay of the new army is not bad. A private gets 12s. 6d. a month of our money, and non-commissioned officers in proportion. A subaltern has 90*l.* a year, a battalion commander, with allowances, about 325*l.*, and a regimental commander nearly 900*l.*

As regards the material of war we may observe that at Han Yang, Foo-chow, Tientsin, and other places there

are arsenals where guns of the newest pattern are turned out.

A word now as to the quality of the present Chinese soldier. A Chinaman is, as a rule, active, sober, and docile, and what he learns he never forgets. He can live upon nothing, and has little or no objection to dying. These are the qualities of a good soldier.

If Chinese soldiers have on many occasions fought so badly that the army came to be considered a negligible quantity, this is simply because they were badly fed and badly led.

But it is not true that they have always fought badly. At Tientsin six years ago they were not more in number than its defenders, and yet they very nearly took the city. And the admirable way in which Chinese gunners then worked their guns surprised every one. So well concealed was one gun, that did much mischief, that it could not be located for three days. Eventually it was found in the inner room of a house, firing through the outer room, a compound, and the gate leading to the street.

That a handful of foreigners were able to defend the Legations at Peking is often adduced to show the worthlessness of Chinese soldiers. Their attack, however, was a half-hearted one. The Empress Dowager, though willing to have the Europeans put an end to, had not the courage of her hatred. First she would, and then she would not, so orders and counter-orders were given to the troops.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

I have seen the regiment that we organized at Wei-hai-Wei, and no soldiers could drill better. They fought, too, in a way that did them credit at Tientsin.

The thirty foreign military officers who lately saw, by invitation, the first manoeuvres of the new Chinese army were astonished. They came to mock, and they remained, if not to pray, at least to confess that what had been accomplished during the last four years came as a revelation to them.

Thirty-five thousand men were concentrated at a place not less than fifty miles from the nearest barracks; but there was not a hitch in the transport arrangements. In four hot and trying days hardly a man fell out, which shows that they were well fed and cared for. The *Times* correspondent says that the foreign officers present highly praised the fire discipline of the troops, and the intelligent way in which they availed themselves of cover. The mounted infantry (not the cavalry) were thought good, and most of the critics found something to learn from the work of the engineers and their methods of carrying tools.

Thinking of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of China, and of the wonderful resources of the country, Napoleon said at St. Helena, "When China is moved it will change the face of the globe." Well, China is moved with a vengeance for past bad treatment, and some will have cause to regret that sleeping dogs were not allowed to lie.

E. J. Hardy.

RICHARD GARNETT.

The death of Dr. Garnett has taken away a friend from every serious worker at literary research in England. Hardly a good book on literature has been published for fifty years without its acknowledgment of help from Dr.

Garnett. It was always his instinct to help others, and that kindly quality did much to hinder him from attaining a more definite personal renown as a man of letters. He wrote two books by which he will be remembered as a

writer, two books wholly fine and original, *The Twilight of the Gods*, published in 1888, and the anonymous *De Flagello Myrteo*, published last year. Many of his verse translations, especially those from Greek and from Italian, had fine qualities and a value of their own; but they were lacking, like his own verse, in vital heat. He wrote lives of poets, and histories of literature for publishers, the *History of Italian Literature*, published in 1898, being the best; but in none of these books did he do himself justice. There was often something conventional in his judgments, as if he were content with a "golden mean" of opinion not scrupulously extracted for himself. Even when, as in the account of Blake in the *Portfolio*, the subject attracted him, the work had generally to be done in haste at his desk in the Museum, always cumbered with books and pamphlets, a new flood of them every day. He gave to his work as a librarian, that splendid work which has helped to make the British Museum the easiest of all libraries to work in, the time which an ambition perhaps narrower would have given to the perfecting of a few exquisite things in literature. Those two books are enough to show that what he did he could have done again; but they remain in a place by themselves in his work. Next to them comes the vast, scattered, often unclaimed, labor upon problems of literary fact and form, and especially that invaluable labor on the text of Shelley, for which all students of poetry owe him gratitude.

His memory was abnormal, incredible. I believe he had read everything, and he seemed to have forgotten nothing. I remember once, when I was talking with him in his room at the Museum, speaking to him about some allusion which had puzzled me in *The Tempest*. He got up and said, "If you will come with me I think I can

show you a passage which will throw some light upon it." He led me through many corridors and galleries, and finally stopped in front of a shelf, said, "I think the book is here, on the right-hand," took it out, opened it, and showed me the passage. It was an obscure book of travels which he had glanced through many years before, and which contained probably no other passage worth remembering.

And his memory for the whereabouts of things was equalled by his memory for facts, for verse, and for anecdotes. His talk was full of stories, always precise and dated, and they were always given with gusto. He passed without pausing from topic to topic, his instructive and engaging fluency, with its sharp and chuckling relish, arrested only by the limits of time, his taskmaster. He is the only man I ever knew who really talked like a book. His sentences flowed on, unhesitatingly, in lengthy periods, all the commas and semi-colons almost visible to the eye. There was no emphasis, but an unflagging sense of measure, as if he saw the end of what he was going to say before he began it, and had it all arranged and in order. He spoke with an open, eager, and childlike simplicity; with the wise man's naïveté, just a little burdened by a conflicting crowd of forethoughts and afterthoughts. There was in all he said a mixture of personal kindness and intellectual irony. He had an infinite love for books, an unlimited kindness for men and women, and an unrestrained contempt for creeds and formulas. I always thought of him under the image of an old Greek philosopher, a Stoic, bitter and cheerful; a Pagan, untouched by Christianity. *The Twilight of the Gods* shows almost a hatred of religions. He believed only in reason and in the stars.

The stars! that was his weakness, if you like, or his rarity. He believed se-

riously in astrology, and practised it, to the admiration of the learned, under an anagram of his own surname. On the last occasion when I saw him, only a few days before his death, he was lying on a couch before the fire, with Blake's horoscope in his hands, and he explained and commented on it to me (his unchecked fluency only broken now and again by a momentary pause for rest) with all his serious knowledge of the science. Though he was suffering in his eyes, and had a shade over them, he insisted on interpreting to me every detail of the signs with which I was so unfamiliar; and he reminded me that our birthdays were within a day of one another in February, and spoke of Hugo and Renan and others born at the end of that month; and, speaking of the constant friendliness of our relations, little as we had seen one another during an acquaintance of nearly twenty years, he told me that such friendliness was often due to the similarity of the sun's angle upon the earth at the moment of birth. He was still repeating: "If I can help you in any way," that phrase so often on his lips, and meaning always the whole of what it said, when I left him, not knowing that it was for the last time.

I remember that I had ventured to say to him that, of all his books, *The Twilight of the Gods* and *De Flagello Myrteo* seemed to me by far the best. He said he had no doubt of it himself. Since then I have been looking again into that book which has been idly referred to by his obituarists in the newspapers as "a book of fanciful tales," that astonishing *Twilight of the Gods*, in its "new and augmented" shape of 1902, and I have marvelled at the blindness of a public which to this day has overlooked the qualities of a book unique in our literature. In France, Marcel Schwob and André Gide have done certain things comparable in their way with these learned

inventions, these ironic "criticisms of life," these irreverent classical burlesques, in which religion, morality, learning, and every convention of civilization are turned topsy-turvy, and presented in the ridiculousness of their unaccustomed attitude. But no modern man in England has done anything remotely comparable with them, and neither Schwob nor Gide has heaped mockery so high as in "Abdallah the Adite," and remained so sure a master of all the reticences of art and manners. This learned mockery, so sane, so rational, dancing in the fetters of artful pedantry, makes a sort of Punch and Judy show of the comedy of civilization; and it has a quality, macabre, diabolical, witchcraft of its own, which I find in no other writer. The other book, the book of aphorisms for the "few elect souls who are in love with Love," was written at the very end of his life, and the revised edition of it published only a few weeks before he died. I had received, anonymously, one of the very few copies which he had sent out of the first edition, and, not guessing the writer of it, had written a letter of eager praise and inquiry to the publisher, who was not at liberty to let out the secret. It was Dr. Garnett himself who told me, at the last, not pledging me to secrecy; and there is now no reason why he should not be honored for a lover's breviary which seems to sum up in its few pages all that rarer part of the soul and the senses which he had never yet found leisure or opportunity or the gift to express. *The Twilight of the Gods* is a masterpiece of that laughing wisdom which some wise men have found for themselves after they have cracked the shell of knowledge and found the nut small and bitter. But *De Flagello Myrteo* is the last word of that deeper wisdom which has sought love rather than knowledge, and found much more than knowledge in love.

The Speaker.

Arthur Symonds.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON MULTI-MILLIONAIRES.

It is quite natural that the President of the United States should be the first among ruling statesmen to denounce the new oligarchy which everywhere begins to threaten ancient commercial order, and even, occasionally and in places, political security. The multi-millionaires—by which we mean men with the uncontrolled disposal of more than ten millions sterling apiece—are coming even in Europe, but as yet they cannot be said to have arrived. The aggregation of colossal fortunes is checked on the European Continent by the independence of the different countries, by severe laws of distribution at death, and by the desire of the rich to enter on careers other than that of money-making. In this country Free-trade still checks the monopolies which are so easily secured when the world at large cannot pour in competing produce, and which on the whole furnish the most rapid methods of accumulation. Moreover, idiosyncrasy counts even in commerce, and the British multi-millionaire almost invariably desires either to “found a family,” which is a process requiring great outlays, or to achieve distinction by something other than continuous devotion to “business,” which his son or other successor may probably denounce as somewhat sordid. The American has few modes of acquiring distinction open to him, and often prefers to found a sort of commercial dynasty,—three instances, at least, must be known to all our readers. The American, too, who controls enormous wealth has a better chance of acquiring direct power than any Englishman, however rich, could readily secure. Shareholders in this country are still allowed a direct voice in the management of their own affairs, but in America eleven men are

said to exercise “a controlling influence” over the entire railway system of the Republic. The United Kingdom, moreover, forms a single State; and although one has heard stories of corruption during the railway mania, and rumors of what is called “pressure” on behalf of certain pecuniary interests are common enough, it would be very difficult indeed by any outlay whatever to deprive Parliament of its independence as regards any question in which the public interest was deeply concerned. If American whispers may be trusted, however, the purchase of a State Legislature is not impossible, and the usual legal system, with its badly paid Judges and its multiplicity of appeals, allows an advantage to wealth which in unscrupulous hands is found to be very great indeed, so great that no private dealer dare face a “syndicate” of millionaires. Moreover, the gigantic latent resources of the Republic so enlarge the vista of commercial possibilities that within a generation or two fortunes may be accumulated on a scale unknown since the Roman Republic gave way to the Roman Empire, and Crassus was admitted, solely on account of his wealth, into the minute Political Committee which for a moment scattered death among its rivals in the race for power as it were out of a watering-pot. Ten millions sterling strikes Europeans as a splendid fortune; but with two hundred millions an able politician might seat a party in Parliament, or buy a municipality, or promote a revolution, or even, if favored by circumstances, raise an army as Wallenstein did. Few Americans, therefore, who study the political phenomena of their country are prepared to deny that the President’s warning as to public danger from “un-

healthily" large fortunes is required, and should be pondered with a view to possible action. He had a right to notice this like any other cloud in the national sky.

It is about the line which such action should pursue that there will be most difference of opinion. Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have suggested that "it may hereafter be necessary to consider the adoption of some scheme, such as that of a progressive tax upon all fortunes beyond a certain amount, so framed as to put it out of the power of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual. Such a tax would, of course, be imposed by the national and not by a State Government." This suggestion was received by the Washington audience assembled to see the President inaugurate a new addition to the legislative building "with great applause," but seems within the next few days to have created great doubt among the reflective, a doubt which the President himself will probably share at a later period. Mr. Roosevelt is apt to think aloud, and, like most men addicted to that educative practice, to suppress for oratorical reasons the qualifying clauses which may change a speculation into a plan. His idea as at present expressed admits a little too clearly the Socialistic principle. If the community has a right to tax a man out of his wealth because it is too great for the general interest, it must surely have a right to fix the amount of "greatness" which it thinks injurious; and care will be needed that its judgment is not perverted by any idea of relief to its own necessities. Otherwise we might have the masses convincing themselves that £500 a year was quite sufficient for anybody, the burden of taxation thrown entirely on the rich, and society reduced to the dead level which is inconsistent with progressive civilization.

It would be far better to fix a danger-point on the economic barometer, and decree that beyond that point a testator with many millions *must* distribute either proportionately to relatives, as is the system in many States of the Continent, or, maintaining liberty of bequest, must only bequeath legacies within that amount to those whom he selects. The man, say, with fifty millions must make fifty legatees. The public, which is the ultimate lawgiver, would then be disinterested, and could fix the danger-point after an unbiased study of its own economic position. Even then some risk would be run of interfering with that charm of industry and enterprise which induces men to accumulate more than they can eat, and gradually produces the public fortune which is one of the conditions of civilization. If nobody may grow rich, you cannot have art, you cannot have public works not paid for out of taxes, and it is very doubtful whether you can have an active and vigorous commerce. It takes a rich class to run great pecuniary risks, and without great pecuniary risks you can neither have grand mercantile fleets, nor accumulations of goods, nor risky and novel commercial enterprises. Half the farmers of England are ruined by having to thresh out their corn too soon; and if there were no reservoirs of wealth applicable to commerce that would be the position of every enterprise. It is because wage-earners cannot accumulate that they so often remain subordinates.

We have not mentioned the other objection to this kind of legislation which affects some minds very strongly. Whence, it may be asked, does the community derive its right to deprive a man of his own, that which, it may be, he has actually created,—as, for instance, a man creates a farm when he "stubs Thurnbay waste" to do it, or when he sinks a mine where

no mine was? It is extremely difficult to answer the question without either admitting the Socialist contention that the community is the only rightful owner of property, or denying its right to levy direct taxes. But happily there is no earthly necessity for making the inquiry, for the question is settled. As a matter of fact, the community does take from the unwilling whenever it levies a direct tax, and does even in England provide against dangerous accumulations of wealth. The Thellusson Act, as it is called, directly pro-

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hibits the accumulation of wealth beyond a life or lives in being and twenty-one years,—about as strong an interference with the right of a man “to do what he will with his own” as can be conceived. The motive of that Act was not dread of a new oligarchy, but rather dread lest capital should be sterilized for long periods of time to the impoverishment of the community. But the motives in both cases are political, and one is just as good as the other.

A FRENCH ARCHBISHOP.

The crowning beauty of that city of ancient towers, churches, and palaces, once a favorite residence of the Kings of France, is the Cathedral. The flying buttresses stretch out like wings in protection and blessing to the old buildings clustering round, and the two grand square towers rise high and straight into the blue like two strong arms uplifted in prayer by this Mother-Church of the people for her children.

Many archbishops have filled the great carved throne of the Cathedral, but only on one has this loving name been bestowed of “Père du Peuple.” His is the presence that gives a living personality to the ancient Cathedral; the two seem made for each other and typify one another. Both are accessible at all hours to the poorest and lowliest, the sorrowfulest and the sinfulest of their children.

Standing at the high altar in his gorgeous purple robes, or kneeling with joined hands and eyes upraised in earnest intercession, he looks indeed “a high priest unto the Lord,” one set apart and consecrated, to be, in so far as it is possible for one human being so to serve his fellows, a guide and torch-bearer, a spiritual father. As in the

case of Browning’s Cardinal, “through such souls, God stooping, shows sufficient of His light for us i’ the dark to rise by.”

It was so, in the mellow golden light of his Cathedral, that I saw him first, and the old legend of a halo surrounding the heads of the saints seemed no unlikely tale, such beneficent goodness and strength seemed to radiate from the sad, noble face.

In town and country, château, chaumière, and market-place, wherever we went we heard of the “Père du Peuple.” Every one had some personal experience to relate of the goodness of Monseigneur. His heart and his door, like that of the old Cathedral close by, stand ever open to admit those who come. And though he puts aside a day twice a week to receive his people, they come at all hours and on all days, and every one desires to be baptized, married, and buried by him.

One faithful watchdog he has, who fain would protect him from the constant call on heart, brain, and purse, the old Célestine, *gouvernante* or house-keeper, who has been with him for over twenty-five years. She remonstrates, scolds, and threatens the old

menace which brings but a wistful smile to the face of Monsieur, "Je m'en vais—puisque je ne puis rien et Monseigneur veut absolument se tuer."

And he, excusing himself, answers her. "My good Célestine, the world is so full of sorrow, if I can give a little joy, a little aid to my poor children, must I not do it?"

So Célestine has recourse to guile, and protects her master where she can, without his knowing it. We heard of Mademoiselle Célestine almost as often as of her master.

He has lived always in France, belongs to her heart and soul, has served her all his life, even following her armies through the Franco-German war as military chaplain. Since the time of Fra Ugo Bassi no priest was ever so adored by the soldiers. They would have followed him with cheers to the cannon's mouth. He was their friend, the confidant of their griefs and joys. Many was the letter he wrote to mother, wife, and sweetheart while in camp and on the march.

Once, years after, when he had become a Bishop, and was passing through the villages on a round of Confirmation, a fisherman's wife accosted him and begged he would come and see her husband who was ill, for years ago he had known Monseigneur. He entered the little cottage, and there, on the wall in a roughly-carved frame, the only ornament in the place beside the fishingnets and copper saucepans, hung an old yellow letter. "Ma bien aimée," it began. Something in the handwriting attracted the Bishop's eye. "Ha, Monseigneur he recognizes the letter—yes?" asked the fisherman's wife, her face radiant with pride and pleasure.

The Bishop examined it closely. His face grew more and more puzzled as he studied the writing of this sweet old love-letter, full of a simple, tender devotion, written by a soldier on the

eve of a great battle to the girl he had left behind him, whom he might never see again in this world, but for whom he would wait till she joined him in the Paradise of God.

"Tell me why I should recognize it, my daughter?" he asked.

"Because it was Monseigneur himself who wrote it. Ah, but Monseigneur it was who wrote the letters for many a brave boy at the war, who knew not how to write. It was he, also, who gave to them the courage to fight, and fortified them in the love of their country. My husband he made himself that frame for the letter, and we call it always 'The letter of Monseigneur.' For, in truth, my husband, the unhappy one, never has he written another letter in all his life save that one there which he wrote not. It made me great joy to receive it. Always I carried it on the heart till he came back from the war—then we hung it on the wall there, and each child, as he arrived, and there are eight of them well grown to-day, we taught to repeat a prayer for Monseigneur."

The Bishop's eyes were dim as he looked again at the old letter he had penned a quarter of a century ago—he who was never to write any love-letter of his own, whose great tender heart was to feel joy only in the joy of others, but to bear the weight of sorrows all his own, besides the burden of grief and care laid on him daily by all his great family of "children in Christ."

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"If all the priests had resembled our Archbishop, never would those Messieurs Combes and Pelletan have obtained any success against the Church, never would the people of France have suffered it," said Madame Bignon, as we sat taking our "five o'clock" in her lively tea-shop. "He is saint, our Monseigneur, yet he is, see you, much

better than all the saints, for they make one to feel a sinner, those there, and they remain in their sanctity far above you, like the stone figures in the niches outside the Cathedral. But with Monseigneur it is not so. He approaches you, he takes you by the hand, and he understands so well it is as though he possessed the heart of a mother. What I have dared to tell to Monseigneur it is really astonishing! One time I went to him in great trouble by cause of my husband, *le malheureux*, whom I desired to divorce—I had the heart like marble. I returned home the heart all melted, as when the sun has shone upon ice. My faith, but he kills himself for we others, our good Archevêque. Never does he repose himself! He gives all he possesses. The old Célestine, the *gouvernante*, who has been with him for so many years, she commands always here the sweet dishes when Monseigneur receives company at the Archevêché. I send the most fine I can produce in the hope that Monseigneur will himself partake. But to what good, the old Célestine she tells me he eats like a hermit in the wilderness, so little and so plainly."

From our driver we heard also of the "Father of his People."

"Ah, but there is one who merits the Paradise without one hour of purgatory! Imagine to yourselves, my ladies, what did Monseigneur the other day only. My son he desired greatly to obtain a position at the railway station, but many applied, and he had no one to speak for him, his late master being defunct, his poor mother also, she who arranged for all our children their affairs. 'Hold,' I say, 'my son, we go to Monseigneur, thou and I. He will perhaps write a little word for thee.' I knew it was Monseigneur who had obtained permission for the 'old one' who has a stall of

fruit and cakes to sell inside the station, and so to gain her life—had she not told me, the tears in her eyes! Good—so together we ring at the gate of the Archevêché, my boy and me. 'Enter,' cries the *concierge*. 'We would speak with Monseigneur,' I say. 'Mount by the grand staircase, the big door is open, and enter the *salon* on the first floor,' says that one. 'Monseigneur will come to you in your turn.' We enter—we mount, and there in the great *salon*, are others who wait. In turn Monseigneur bids them approach, as he opens to them the door of his *cabinet de travail*. On seeing me and my son he gives us that good smile of his, 'Good day, my children,' he says. 'We regret to derange Monseigneur,' I begin, 'but it is an affair for us of much importance, and we pray your aid.' 'The good God has placed me here just for that purpose,' he says, 'to give you my aid—recount to me your affair.' Think you Monseigneur he contents himself with writing a little word as I pray? But no, nothing less than this. He takes us both, my boy and me, there at once in his own carriage, which awaits him, to visit the *chef de gare*. 'A word spoken has more power than a word written,' says Monseigneur. That the Archevêque himself should come and ask made to the station-chief so much pleasure, he gave to my son the vacant position. And now you will understand why one calls Monseigneur 'le Père du Peuple'!"

"It was Monseigneur who edited and launched my book of the *Letters and Life of Père Didon*," said the charming lady to whom I owed so many pleasant hours in the old cathedral city. "You must not leave without knowing our Archevêque."

I confessed to being as a rule quite content to view the great princes of

the Church from a respectful distance, but this one recalled so vividly the original of Victor Hugo's bishop in *Les Misérables* that he inspired me with a great wish to see him nearer.

"I will present you with pleasure," she said.

Bishops, cardinals, and even popes happen to be among her best friends. She knows them all, past and present; their portraits, signed by their own hands, cover the walls of her little study, exhaling an odor of sanctity, but in quite a friendly way.

The original of Victor Hugo's bishop, she told me, though resembling very closely this Archbishop, was supposed to be that of a much older man, Monseigneur Dupanloup, the former well-known Bishop of Orléans. "He also was a 'Father of his People,' and the story of the candlesticks, that is true equally of both!" she said; "many a parallel to that incident I could tell you."

It was decided we would not go to the Archevêché on a reception day, as a private visit would be of greater interest.

"He is always occupied, our dear Archevêque; every hour is claimed by some one—councils, services, functions, funerals.—Never was a life so full, but he has time nevertheless for every one who needs him. He will give us an hour. I shall see him write it down in his little book, and then it will be kept for us."

It seemed wicked to add to the weight of a life so burdened. Even though I were but straw, might I not be just that fatal last straw?

But on my reluctantly suggesting this my friend declared I need have no such scruple, since I should bring an element of change from the usual visitor who came to beg either for material or spiritual help. "Always it is that he may give—give—give—and that is what fatigues so greatly. It

may be doubtless more blessed to give than to receive, but it is certainly more fatiguing."

A few days later we stood at the beautiful Renaissance gateway of the Archevêché to claim our promised hour. A little side door stood ajar. "Enter," cried a *concierger*, without going through the ceremony of leaving his lodge. "Monseigneur has just come in."

We entered the wide *cour d'honneur*. In the centre a gigantic cedar spread its stately branches to the edge of the grass *parterre*. At one of the windows sat a cheery-looking old dame in fresh white bonnet, knitting busily.

She greeted us with a beaming smile. "Enter, enter, my ladies." We inquired if there were *du monde* with Monseigneur. No, she said, he had but just returned from the funeral of an old servant in the country, and was expecting us—Gabrielle would come round and show us in if we would mount the steps.

Another white-capped *bonne* met us at the big front doors, which stood already open. She also greeted us cordially, and seeing in my friend an *habituée* of the place, told us to mount to the *salon* on the first floor, and dispensed with the ceremony of showing the way.

At the top of the stairs was a bell inscribed "*valet de pied*," but as yet no sign of such a being had appeared in the Palace.

Monseigneur came forward to meet us, a tall, beneficent presence in a robe of kingly purple with broad sash and cuffs of scarlet, a costume admirably in keeping with the dignified old-world atmosphere of the stately mediæval Archevêché. His smile was a benediction before he uttered the words of blessing with which he greeted my friend as she kissed his hand. She presented me. He shook hands with a look so welcome it made me feel in

some curious way as though he were a friend re-found, one who had suddenly emerged out of some dim, long-forgotten past.

"Alas, that I know not English," he said. "Your Shakespeare, I admire him so much, yet my ignorance obliges me to read only a translation. This poor old head is too tired and too stupid to learn!"

I asked if he had ever visited England. He answered he had never crossed the Channel. "But there is one thing I greatly desire to see in your London," he said. "Can you guess what it is, mademoiselle?"

"Westminster Abbey," I suggested, thinking that the most suitable resort for an archbishop.

"No," he shook his head. "You must try again."

But I failed again with the new Catholic Cathedral.

"She insists on keeping me in a Church," he laughed, "while I desire to go to a museum of antiquities. Is that not quite as suitable for an old antiquity as I am? Ah, but I should like much to visit your Museum of London and see those Greek sculptures of the Pantheon—the treasures of Egypt and Nineveh. How wonderful is that great past of art and of religion!" And as we walked on together through the long suite of public rooms the Archevêque confessed he had a great weakness for pagan antiquities, especially those of Greece.

He referred to the hospitality and sympathy of England during the recent period of trial for the Church of France. "Our poor France, who is driving from her the sons and daughters who love her most truly and loyally," he sighed. But there was no bitterness in his tone, and when my friend said it seemed a humiliation that the religious orders should be obliged to seek protection from Protestant England (Protestants, as in France

they insist in designating members of the Anglican Church, being identified in the French mind with Lutherans, Jews, and all heretics outside the fold), he looked at her rather sadly and said, "But forget not, we are all children of the great Father, by whatever name we call ourselves, and in unity lies strength, not in fighting over our differences, but bearing one another's burdens. Is it not so, my daughter?" he turned to me: "And to walk by the light the good God gives us, that is all He asks of any one, be they English, or French, or Indian, is it not so?"

A beautiful little statue of Jeanne d'Arc stood on a table in one of the *salons*. It was modern but had a touch of real inspiration which held one. This favorite heroine of France, of all figures in history perhaps the most remarkable and attractive, is presented to us so clearly and vividly, owing to the minute records of the "Process of Rehabilitation," which took place only twenty years after her death, that, in spite of six hundred years, we can almost hear the clear, inspiring young voice, almost look into the pure, far-seeing eyes.

"I am glad you love her," said the Archevêque. "To me this little figure represents the true Jeanne, which so few of the countless pictures and statues succeed in doing—a young girl, very simple and unlearned, yet possessed of a wisdom which astounded the most wise, a dauntless courage, and a soul so white it dazzled as the sun at mid-day. In this little figure we see her advancing at the head of her troops, listening to the Voice, and following where it leads heedless of all else."

I asked whether he thought Jeanne heard an actual voice.

"Without doubt," he answered. "One must remember the soul has ears and eyes as well as the body, and of a finer quality and power. How else

can the marvel be accounted for, that a peasant girl of seventeen years was, according to the testimony of the Generals who fought under her command, the greatest military genius of her day, showing a perfect knowledge of tactics and strategy. Only when they refused to follow her counsel did the French troops experience failure."

"But, alas! the Voice failed her in the hour of her greatest need!" remarked my friend sadly. "How to explain that?"

"It was not the hour of her nation's greatest need, remember. Her mission was accomplished," said the Archevêque. "Like her divine Master, she had to pass through her hour of darkness, but the sun was behind the cloud all the time, and the dark hour passed."

We agreed that that evidence of the Generals was certainly very strong. I have known a good many Generals, dear, delightful, gallant gentlemen, too, but I never observed in any a weak tendency to underrate their own judgment, and I expect Generals past and present are pretty much the same all the world over.

The Archbishop pointed out two big volumes on the table, a *Life of "La Pucelle d'Orléans,"* by Vallon.

I opened it just at the trial scene, where the infamous Bishop Cauchon (his name should undoubtedly be spelt Cochon!), the judges, lawyers, and priests are all uniting in trying to make this shepherd girl of eighteen commit herself to some heresy or contradiction. Each question and reply of this trial is recorded word for word, and it is marvellous to read the answers of Jeanne, so direct and straightforward, yet showing such penetrating insight into the character and motives of her accusers that she both baffled and exasperated them.

I closed the book reluctantly and we continued our progress through the

long suite of reception rooms, where Monseigneur pointed out everything of interest. The bedroom of Napoleon, with his dominating N and swarm of bees on tapestries and curtains, the great hall of Conference, which seats 500 people, with the throne at the end where the Archbishop sits and presides over the Councils, and the gallery of portraits of past Archevêques, on the whole a pompous, dull-looking set, but of course this may have been the fault of the artists, not the sitters.

One specially hard-featured old gentleman followed me with an expression so disapproving and vindictive I remarked he looked as if he would like to have me burnt.

"Not perhaps you alone, my daughter—me also," laughed the Archbishop; "and for conscience' sake, very surely for conscience' sake, let us not forget, believing himself to do the service of God. So difficult it is for us to judge each other!"

There were some fine old missals and illuminated books, but nothing in all the long stately suite of rooms except the little Jeanne d'Arc and copy of Vallon's book, belonging to the Archbishop himself. It was not till he invited us to enter his private sanctum, his *cabinet de travail*, that we saw any sign of his personal tastes or possessions. These were of the simplest and fewest, chiefly books old and new. "Here are my friends, some of my best friends," he said, looking at the bookshelves. His keen, artistic sense showed itself, however, in a beautiful little replica of the "*Ange pleurant*" at Amiens Cathedral, some quaint old paintings on glass, and a fine old carved wooden Madonna, special favorites he had himself collected.

A secretary entered with a roll of papers and asked for instructions. "He is my hands, and often my memory as well," said Monseigneur, smiling on him.

No one treats the Archbishop with awe; that smile of his precludes the possibility, and places him at once in the category of God's good gifts.

We had just a glimpse, however, of one person who fully realized what was due to a Prince of the Church, and represented in himself all the dignity and state of the Holy Roman Empire. This was no other than Monseigneur's valet, Monsieur Félix, the keeper of his gorgeous apparel and the careful guardian of his person. A few dignified respectful words about a train that evening, and the necessity of the carriage conveying Monseigneur to the station in good time, and he was gone, but leaving behind him a sense of there being one in that Palace determined to uphold somewhat of its ancient state and splendor.

Everything interests the "Father of his People," everything amuses him. There was a little battle at the door of the garden as to whether he would put on his hat. My friend insisted the wind had turned cold, there had been a shower of rain, to go without a hat would be folly. It ended in victory for the lady, who settled the matter by starting off to find the hat herself. How Monsieur Félix would have viewed such a proceeding I tremble to think; fortunately a hat was found close at hand.

Monseigneur took us to his favorite haunts. There is a high raised terrace shaded by a double avenue of planes where he loves to walk in the evening as he recites his *bréviaire*. From here you look down on the palace gardens on one side and over the red roofs of the town on the other. At the end is a corner in the wall, formerly the watchman's post, commanding the whole city.

We descended to the gardens, and Monseigneur took us to the pond where he feeds his pet ducks, Madagascans.

They crowded round him, loudly demanding food.

"Just now they are not in beauty—they can make no proud display, poor fellows; all their feathers are falling. Go, my poor friends, hide yourselves in the pond." He addressed them in a gentle bantering tone such as St. Francis must have used with his feathered friends. The birds evidently understood and turned huffily away, with resentful looks at the intruders who were monopolizing their master.

"This is my concert-room," he said, showing us a clump of trees which shut in a little green arbor. "Here the birds sing always! Winter and summer some one keeps up the song of joy and praise, like the lights which burn always before the altar."

And just then, to confirm his words, as we entered softly, a lovely solo from a thrush was going on.

I declared I could not imagine a happier existence than that of a bird in the Archevêché garden.

"Ah, even here, my daughter," he warned me, "you would encounter the devil in the shape of Célestine's big cat. For no one, not even the birds of my garden, is this world a Paradise."

He has a special love for the big cedar in the Cour d'honneur, and made us stand near the trunk to realize the size, the branches being over eighteen mètres long, and six thousand people, he told us, could be sheltered beneath it. A second Cathedral, this cedar tree, a second Archbishop!

Before leaving, we descended to the kitchens to pay our respects to Mme. Célestine whom we had seen at the window. Her long residence with Monseigneur entitles her to rule him with an autocratic hand. A keen sense of humor and considerable shrewdness characterize her comely old face, the latter quality, no doubt, developed by the necessity of protecting Mon-

seigneur from the "worthnaughts" who would despoil him.

"He believes in all—he listens to all they recount, and he gives everything he possesses. Monseigneur has the heart too good—it is his weakness," pronounced Mme. Célestine with a sigh. "Me, I scold him strongly, but what will you? He repeats the same thing again to-morrow—he kills himself for his poor."

The kitchen was a vast hall with arched roof. Rows of bright copper pots and pans shone on the walls. We were introduced to Mathilde the cook. I wish we could have seen a good meal preparing for Monseigneur, but the only sign of anything cooking was a little milk on a charcoal stove, the big range being silent. Mathilde must have an easy time.

Before making our adieux to the

The Fortnightly Review.

Archevêque he insisted I must come and see him again, and visit the garden whenever I wished. On no account must I wait to become a thrush! "And we must talk again of Jeanne d'Arc, whom we both love; is it not so, my daughter?" he said. I agreed gladly, and begged to be allowed some day to take his photograph on the terrace with the great towers of the Cathedral rising up behind him. He took out the little book and arranged day and hour. "Others will be there, perhaps, but we will manage to find a little quiet quarter of an hour alone," he promised.

And I, who had begun the afternoon by affirming Archbishops to be out of my line, kissed the hand of the "Père du Peuple" like the devoutest of his children, and felt greatly blessed on receiving his blessing.

Constance Elizabeth Maud.

THE MIND OF A DOG.

Long ago Herbert Spencer set evolutionists thinking about the connection between intelligence in animals and the possession of a grasping organ. Parrots, squirrels, elephants, monkeys and many other animals were held to exemplify its existence. The explanation of the relationship has, of course, become obvious; for the creature which obtained the power of grasping could apply any intelligence it possessed so much more effectively than the same intelligence could be used by another animal without the power, that from the beginning natural selection doubtless placed a premium on the combination of the two faculties. In pursuit of this line of development, it has become an interesting fact that we are beginning to distinguish the existence of certain clues by which, as soon as we

know them, we can understand much that would otherwise be obscure in the working of the intelligence of certain classes of animals. The intelligence of the dog is an example in point. When the mind of the dog is systematically compared with that of a monkey, it soon becomes evident that the former differs from the latter in quality. The intelligence of the dog, that is to say, is quite different from that of the monkey in kind. Some time ago the writer was standing watching a monkey which was chained to a tree. The bystanders had been throwing him nuts. The monkey had eaten all within reach and had made several unsuccessful attempts to reach others which had fallen outside the radius of his chain. To the surprise and slight consternation of the little crowd watching him he

snatched a stick from one of them and began deliberately to use it to rake the distant nuts within his reach. In his very interesting book on *Mind in Evolution*, Mr. L. T. Hobhouse relates how he tried, in somewhat similar circumstances, a dog which had given proof of the highest intelligence in other experiments. The animal was chained up and was given a stick, while a biscuit was put just out of his reach. When the biscuit was placed in the crook of the stick the dog rapidly learnt to pull in the stick with the biscuit. But he could never get beyond this point. "Of any attempt to get the stick into the position in which he could use it, I never saw a sign," says Mr. Hobhouse. When a monkey, however, was tried in exactly the same circumstances, he proved to have no difficulty at all in learning to obtain the biscuit by using a stick intelligently and almost in the manner of a human being. The inference usually drawn from facts of this kind is that the intelligence of the monkey is altogether superior to that of the dog. Mr. Hobhouse, however, hesitates to make this assertion, and he calls attention to the interesting fact that it is in experiments depending principally upon manipulation of objects that a monkey appears to be superior to other animals. In short, it is this fundamental fact of the monkey's life, the perpetual handling of things, which gives us the clue as to the line along which the intelligence of the monkey has probably been evolved. We are led therefore to ask if there are similar clues by which we can better understand the intelligence of other animals. What, for instance, is the key to the inner workings of the mind of a dog?

Nearly all the probable ancestors of the dog are animals whose natural habit it is to hunt in packs. Wolves and jackals still do so. The Indian wild dogs and the hyena dogs of South

Africa exhibit similar habits. Even the scavenger dogs which infest the towns of the East show the same natural tendency to hunt in bands. We may take it, therefore, that the most fundamental instincts of the dog's mind have arisen out of association with his fellows for a common object like the hunting of game. At first sight the dog's more or less solitary life as the friend and associate of man would seem to take us out of the region of these ideas. Yet it will be seen on reflection that this is not so, and that it is probably in such ideas that we have now the clue to all the workings of the dog's mind and to the remarkable and exceptional kind of intelligence displayed by dogs in certain circumstances. One of the most obvious and striking of a dog's qualities is the sense of devotion and exclusive attachment to his master and his master's household. His eye will kindle at the approach of a friend. But not even the eye of the Oxford undergraduate who looked through Jude the Obscure without being even conscious of his presence could have been more unseeing than that of the dog can be when he looks through a stranger. His attitude is no doubt prompted by feelings towards an outsider whom he regards as not a member of his pack. Similarly as to the dog's extraordinary loyalty, the remarkable sense of obedience which will hold him to a command for days and weeks, the power of control which he exercises over his strongest emotions, and the innate moral sense which may be observed to render a well-trained dog miserable if he fails in what is expected of him. All these qualities are characteristic of the dog. They are of a very high order; and yet they would seem to be less highly developed in the monkey than in the dog. The clue to the dog's mind is probably that the ideas related to these qualities were originally con-

nected with his place in association with others in pursuing or attaining a common object. The dog has probably still some sort of conception of his place as member of a co-operative group and of his master as the wise and resourceful leader of it. In those most remarkable displays of almost human intelligence on the part of dogs, where the power of instantly comprehending the nature and possibilities of a locality or the contents of a difficult situation is involved, we probably see the dog's mind at its best. For here the governing ideas are probably of the kind which originally had their function in intelligent co-operation in hunting with companions. In the various breeds of dogs we get these fundamental ideas carried by development in widely different directions. In the pointer and setter the co-operation of the dog with his master to circumvent the game still remains obvious, even under highly artificial conditions. In many other characteristic qualities of the dog's mind, as displayed in various breeds, we may obtain much light on the working of canine intelligence if we keep this clue to the dog's original nature always before us. To many persons, for instance, one of the most difficult cases to explain in the light of this hypothesis would be that of the collie or sheep-dog. The writer was recently staying on a South African farm where the owner was seriously plagued with the ravages amongst his sheep of black-backed jackals. The extraordinary intelligence of the animals in shepherding the prey to their malign purposes was bitterly remarked

upon. As the outward resemblances of a jackal to a collie were pointed out, the question was asked as to how we could imagine any relationship between animals whose fundamental instincts appeared to be so widely apart. Thus the sheep-dog was the friend of man and its leading characteristic was a desire for the preservation of the sheep and the power to employ most remarkable instincts in furthering his master's purposes to this end. The jackals, on the contrary, regarded the sheep simply as their natural prey. Yet the explanation even in this case is probably not far to seek when we have the clue to a dog's mind. For in a dim way the ordinary collie probably regards the sheep as no more than property or game belonging to his pack. He thinks of himself in all probability as assisting the wise dog at the head of the pack in the exciting occupation of shepherding the captured game. That there is a close natural relationship between the jackal and the collie as regards the sheep one pregnant fact will illustrate. Every experienced shepherd knows that a collie is more liable than most other dogs to take to killing or worrying sheep, and that when this happens he is the most inveterate, the most cunning and the most to be feared of all dogs. The cause is easy to understand. The degeneration in the dog's mind in this case has probably followed the path of transition from the social duty of taking care of the game in the joint interest to the ultimate, but now illegitimate, purpose of killing and eating it.

SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE.

Ruin outraced the dawn.
 When the ports of night were drawn,
 The feast of Death lay spread;
 The city bowed low her head,
 Disconsolate in the morn,
 Sitting amidst her dead,—
 Forlorn! O forlorn!

Lo! how the torch of day
 Rolleth in pity away
 Over the graves and the fires
 And the houses, domes and spires
 Abject and broken in dust.
 Woe! on thine ashes and pyres,
 Young Queen, once august!

Flame had goaded the ground
 And the valves of the deeps profound
 Broke through their riven rock.
 She felt the wrath of the shock
 And a storm upheaved her floor;—
 Dawn saw the grace that crowned
 My city—no more.

Woe hath befallen thee,
 And thou wringest in misery
 Thy bleeding, despairing hands
 Over thine agoniz'd lands!
 For a great grief came to pass;
 Thy beauty is prey to the brands,
 My city, alas!

Thou weapest, mother mine,
 For the dear dead that are thine,
 And the dark tide of thy tears
 Is one not of days but years.
 The ashes lie gray on thy head,
 And deep is thy wound and thy biers
 Lie dense with the dead.

Splendor of thine and pride
 Are departed; the waves deride
 Thee and thy sisters sore
 And lisp and laugh on the shore,

And the sun is brave with gold,
But the sea and the sun no more
Know thee—as of old.

Remount, O Queen, resume
The throne of thy hills; through the doom
And the dolor and terror that reign
O'er thy walls thou shalt lift again
Thy face. Thy sons shall restore
Anew, from the wastes of thy pain,
Thy splendor once more.

725 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Herman Scheffauer.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Widespread regret will be felt for the death from heart failure of Mrs. W. H. Chesson who, before her marriage, as Nora Hopper, won unusual distinction among the English poets of the day. Mrs. Chesson was also the author of a novel and of several essays in fairy and folk lore.

Among the many changes which have taken place recently in English periodical literature, none are more surprising than the transformation of the monthly magazines *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine* into penny weeklies. The magazines were established about forty years ago and have been conducted most of the time since,—until two years ago, when they changed ownership—with an ability and good taste which should have earned for them a better fate.

The long-expected volume on "The English Church from the Accession of George I. to the Close of the Eighteenth Century," by the late Canon Overton and the Rev. Frederic Relton, is just published by the Macmillans. This is the seventh volume in the "History of the English Church," edited by the late

Dean Stephens and Dr. William Hunt, which Mr. F. Warre Cornish is completing with a volume dealing with the 19th century. Only the rough draft of the present volume was left by Canon Overton when he died.

The mood in which Mr. A. C. Benson has written his *Life of Walter Pater* for the English Men of Letters series, may be inferred from this bit from his Introduction:

If one attempts to depict Pater in the purely critical spirit one never comes near to his inner seriousness, his mildness, his simple tenderness, his essential meekness of spirit. . . . And thus one is driven to his books, not only to criticize them, but to divine his character: and so again one falls under the spell, and depicts him, almost inevitably, in his own chosen manner.

Publication of the great variorum edition of the Septuagint which the Cambridge Press have had in preparation since 1883, has begun with the issue of Vol. I., Part I., containing Genesis. As in the smaller Cambridge edition already published—Dr. Swete's *Old Testament in Greek*—the text is that of *Codex Vaticanus*, but the variations given,

which in the smaller edition were confined to a few of the most important uncial codices, extend to all the uncial MSS., to select cursive MSS., to the more important versions, and to the quotations of the earlier ecclesiastical writers.

History and legend, myth and poem are charmingly blended in Alice Zimmerman's "Old Tales from Rome" (A. C. McClurg & Co.). The plan followed is that already familiar in the same writer's "Old Tales from Greece" and the aim is the same,—to acquaint young readers with the literature and history through which they are later to make their way, with more or less difficulty, in the Greek and Latin writers. For the present volume the materials are mostly drawn from Virgil, Livy and Ovid. The old tales are retold in a style of limpid simplicity and ease, and there runs through them a connecting thread which gives them order and unity. Twenty-one full-page illustrations, with decorative chapter headings and initial letters enhance the attractiveness of the volume.

Of the contrast between the manner of Walter Scott and that of the modern romancer, *The Athenæum* remarks truly:

Scott, it may be noted, always pictures the state of society on which his figures are based; nowhere will you find better descriptions of the whole scene and circumstances which make the varied, but distinct, background of human activity and motive. He takes care to put you in the way to understand what everybody was doing

or likely to do at the time; whereas a modern is so busy making his hero and heroine talk that he can only hint at their surroundings or the general features of their times. At best he lays "local color" in conscientious but evident patches. If history is to be gathered from the twentieth century "best sellers," there will be odd ideas of this present year of grace for the future New Zealander to swallow.

Lord Halsbury, recently Lord Chancellor of England, is undertaking, at the age of 82, an enterprise from which most younger men would shrink. This is nothing less than the compilation of a large work to be entitled "The Laws of England." This is intended to be a complete statement of the whole law of England, and will occupy about eighteen or twenty volumes. The general scheme is being planned by Lord Halsbury, and the work will be carried out under his direction, with the co-operation of a body of lawyers. In completeness and accuracy it is intended that this work shall exceed anything before attempted. The aim will be, as far as possible, to deal with every branch of the law, giving a concise yet full and clear statement of the law, supported with references to decisions, authorities, and statutes. Abridgments and compendiums giving an outline of the law either in short articles or otherwise have been issued, but it is claimed that hitherto no attempt has been made to give to the profession the whole law of England treated so exhaustively and completely that the lawyer can, within the compass of one work, find all the law upon a given subject.